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TIRED.

BY S. W.

I am waiting for the evening with its silence and its dreams—
I am waiting for the starlight, for the pale cold silver beams;
I am weary of the tumult, of the splendor and the light—
I am longing for the darkness and the loneliness of night.

For the opal dews descending will cool my fevered brain,
And the odor of night-flowers will ease my spirit's pain,
And the darkness will inwrap me like a deathly garment sweet,
Till I feel no more the anguish of my own heart's restless beat.

Pale Night will lay her poppies on my forehead and my breast;
Her voice will murmur o'er me softest lullabies of rest;
The stars will watch my slumber, the low wind vigil keep,
While I forget that ever I must waken out of sleep.

A WAR WITH FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FATAL MOMENT," "A RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION," "WRECKED," "THE FRUITS OF A CRIME," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

He shrugged his shoulders slightly and smiled as he held the gate open for her.

"My dear Dora, do you think I am to be frightened into behaving like a cur by this mysterious threat of yours? Besides, I am curious. I want to know what this tragic secret of yours is."

"Have you no suspicion?" she asked, panting and leaning heavily on the gate. "You must have, Tryan! Think of the one thing in all your life you would most dread to have known."

"I can't, really," he replied, still smiling and keeping his temper perfectly.

The smile and the easy indifference of the reply stung her into a frenzy again.

"Don't say afterwards that I did not warn you!" she cried, and darted quickly up the short garden path to the door.

It was on the latch as usual, and she had passed through the brightly-lighted little hall and on again into the drawing room before he could overtake her.

The drawing room of Dale Cottage, beautified by Thir's clever fingers, was looking its very best at the moment of Miss Valland's entrance.

Only ten minutes before the two old ladies had returned from their visit to the Parsonage, and they were still sitting, one on each side of the bright fire, discussing the events of the afternoon with Thir, who was nursing and teasing a couple of kittens on the white woolly rug.

Thir's face was flushed and her eyes were sparkling with happiness. She and Tryan had spent part of their afternoon together in setting forth on paper all the restorations and improvements which he would have carried out at the old house if, by some extraordinary miracle, he suddenly found himself possessed of $100,000. She had the paper now folded up in her pocket, having secured it when Tryan was not looking. What use she meant to make of that document was at present known only to herself.

All the brightness and radiance and happiness of the pretty group round the fire seemed to be centred in Thir's face, and in the bright ripple of her laugh, as she couched there teasing the kittens and listening to her aunts' account of the Rector's genial reception of their news.

On the way home they had decided to say nothing about Dora. What was the use of disturbing the child's happiness? they had asked each other. And so at the moment of Miss Valland's arrrival there was no drop of bitterness in Thir's cup of happiness.

The lamplight, softened by Thir's pretty lace-shades, fell upon the blossoming plants, the bowls of chrysanthemums, and the trophy of green palms banked up against the back of the piano, and lent them a beauty they never seemed to have in the cold autumn daylight. Even the old-fashioned bric-a-brac and furniture looked fresher and brighter for the companionship of the sweet living growing things.

The general glow of quiet joyousness only tended further to excite Dora Valland at the moment of her entrance. Her manner of turning the handle of the door, striding swiftly forward, and then stopping just inside the room was so turbulent and tragic that the three women round the fire rose instinctively and stood expectant, without thought of greeting. But, when Tryan followed and, closing the door, took up his post with his back to it, Thir scented trouble at once, and faced it like the brave little girl she was.

"What's got you two?" she asked abruptly, standing straight and still on the rug, held there by some curious restraint which warned her not to go near them. "Why do you come into the house and plant yourselves against the door in that ghost like fashion? What has happened, Tryan?"

"Upon my honor, I hardly know!" said Tryan, trying to be natural and easy; but his discomfort showed itself in spite of him, and Thir felt a thrill of dread strike her heart. Dora Valland's tragedy-queen airs were of no importance, but Tryan's alarm was quite another matter. "My old friend Dora came to me half an hour ago and warned me that she was coming down here to tell you some terrible secret which would result in our separation!"

"What?" exclaimed Thir, a flash of defiance in her eyes.

"So I thought I had better come and hear the secret, too, and, if necessary, put a word in for myself."

"I see," said Thir, smiling her most eloquent smile as she looked across at him. "Aunt Polly, won't you ask Miss Valland to sit down?"

"My dear, I beg your pardon!" ejaculated poor Miss Gunter.

"No—I will stand," said Dora harshly. "I shall get out of the house all the quicker when I have finished what I have to say."

She never averted her eyes from Thir as she spoke; the gay defiant air of her rival tortured her, and yet, by a cruel fascination, she was compelled to watch her intently.

"At least come away from the draught of the door, then," urged Thir, with pleasant brightness. "I reckon you don't want to be going around for a week with your face tied up in a bundle; and the draught ——"

"I wonder," broke in Dora, "if your flippancy will outlast the next ten minutes, Miss Bright!"

Thir took up the challenge instantly.

"I won't answer for my flippancy," she replied gravely, "but I will for my affection. My attachment to Mr. Cambray isn't a carpentered job, knocked together with tin tacks or joined up with glue, and liable to drop to pieces at the first good shaking it gets; so, if you've set your heart on putting us asunder, I'd like to warn you beforehand that you have your work cut out!"

As she finished speaking, she flashed a reassuring glance at Tryan, who stood against the door quietly observing the scene—a glance which intensified Dora's anguish.

"We shall see," she said, in a harsh metallic tone. "You may pride yourself on your eccentricity, Miss Bright, you may choose to make a boast of being different in your ways and tastes from every other girl that lives, but I don't believe that even your eccentricity, objectionable as it is, will lead you the length of marrying a murderer?"

"A murderer!" gasped Thir and Tryan together.

Then they stood holding their breath, waiting for what was to come next.

Dora Valland's glance never left her victim's face. Her cruel eyes hardened and glittered as she watched the flush of excitement fade and die away from Thir's cheeks, watched the pretty mobile lips blanch and the little hands clasp each other in terror. But, at the best, it was a short-lived triumph for the Rector's daughter.

Tryan, unable to bear the look on his sweetheart's face, made an instinctive movement towards her.

"Don't look at me like that, Tryan, my love!" she cried, forcing her stiff lips into a smile. "I was not thinking of you at all. It was the horror of the accusation that shook me, not a doubt of you. Come and stand by me—right here—and let us hear this farce out together!"

"Not yet, dear one!" he replied, putting his back against the door again. "Let Miss Valland finish her curious accusation first."

Dora ground her teeth and clenched her hands as it came home to her that, even if she succeeded in parting those two, they would still be one in their love for and faith in each other. Separated in the letter, they would still be united in the spirit, in spite of all she might say or do.

"I have finished it virtually," she said, in the hard, dry, dead-level tone which seemed to accentuate rather than conceal her intense excitement. "The night that Ellen Bardell was—— Oh, you are interested at last!" she cried, turning to Tryan, as a startled expression escaped him; but the next moment her eyes were again fixed upon Thir, as if she feared to lose a single detail of her suffering. "The night that Ellen Bardell was murdered in the quarry above Quilter's Common, Tryan Cambray was there with her—alone! I saw him follow her there, I heard her death-scream while they were there together, and I saw him afterwards come out of the quarry in wild haste, as if he thought the accusing spirit of the murdered girl were behind him!"

"You saw that—you?" exclaimed Tryan incredulously, moving forward to look into her stony white face. "You saw me leave the quarry that night, Dora?"

Dora kept her eyes fixed immovably upon Thir.

"You hear!" she said, in a strained monotonous tone. "Now that he finds it is known, he does not attempt to deny being there!"

"No—I was there," admitted Tryan; but, in her cruel eagerness to hurt Thir, she did not seem to hear him.

"Doesn't it strike you as strange that all these months he has never breathed a word on the subject to anybody? Doesn't it strike you as suspicious? Don't you remember that it was a matter of remark how much he had admired this servant girl the first time he ever saw her? I can see you do! Miss Bright, I wish you joy of your betrothal!"

The ring of triumph in Dora's voice roused Thir from the fleeting sense of doubt that assailed her. She thrust it from her passionately, ashamed of the mean spasm of jealousy which had for a moment made it possible. In her generous self-abasement she flushed hotly from throat to brow; and Dora saw the flush and would have given much to know what caused it.

"What a pitiless incapable woman you are!" exclaimed Thir. "I know why you hate me so bitterly, Miss Valland; and, if I weren't so downright sorry for you, I'd tell you some home-truths about yourself that wouldn't be pleasant hearing, you may go bail! Have you any more of those pretty little fairy stories to entertain my aunts with? Because, if you've exhausted your stock for the present, I think you'd better go home and give the Rector his dinner!"

There was no mistaking the tone of contempt in Thir's voice; but Dora was unmoved.

"And you mean to stand by Tryan Cambray in spite of everything?" she asked.

"What have I done since you've known me, Miss Valland," returned Thir quietly, her head erect, her eyes very steady, "that you should presume to think I'd play the part of shuttlecock to your battledore? Do you imagine you're going to beat me this way or that as the fancy takes you? Do you think I'm going to throw over my sweetheart just because you want—— I beg your pardon," she broke off hastily—"I didn't mean to touch on that; but I want you to make up your mind very thoroughly that I don't care the least bit in the world for your tragedy airs and graces, your imposing attitudes, your withering glances, and your ridiculous stories about quarries and death-screams and accusing spirits, and all the rest of the cheap trash! Tryan Cambray and I have pledged our words to each other, and there's an end of it. And besides that, we love each other—and that's a fix we couldn't get out of if we wanted to ever so. Why, if he'd put forty pretty servant girls to death, I don't believe it would make me love him less; so what's the good of talking—say?"

"You mean that?"

Thir nodded her head, with her lips tightly compressed to express her indexible determination.

"Then," continued Miss Valland, "I have but one course open to me—I will make my accusation publicly. Tryan Cambray shall answer for himself before a court of justice. It will be a pleasant predicament for you all—Tryan on his trial for murder—quite a delightful notoriety for ladies who have lived such blameless lives as the Misses Gunter! I wish you all well through it!"

Thir, swinging round upon her heel at the allusion to her aunts, caught sight of Miss Caroline with her hand raised warningly, as if she had pleaded with her sister for silence.

"You were going to speak, Aunt Polly," said Thir quickly. "What was it, dear?"

But Miss Gunter shook her head mutely and glanced towards her sister.

"You mustn't worry yourselves about this for a moment," said Tryan, in a very low but decisive tone. "Do you think I would allow you to be dragged into such a position as Miss Valland has described? If the matter began and ended with myself it would be altogether different. As it is, Thir, my brave invincible little woman, we must give way, not for our own sakes, but for the sake of these two dear creatures who have been so good to you. For their sake, Thir, we must give in."

Miss Gunter put her shaking hands to her face and began to sob; and Miss Caroline put one hand round her sister and

held the other out to Tryan, with quick tears running down her face.

"Don't mind us; comfort Thir," she said. "Poor little Thir!"

Thir stood white and still in her lover's embrace; she recognised now to the full the obstacles in her way. As far as she herself was concerned, she would have urged Tryan to face the affair out; but how could she bring such a calamity upon those two sensitive souls? If Tryan so willed it, she would have to bend to his decision and allow the engagement to fall through—for a time, at all events.

"Don't cry, auntie; it shall never be said that I brought trouble upon you!" she said quietly. "I must let Tryan go—that's all! Are you satisfied, Miss Valland? Your lies have done their work, you see!"

Without a word of reply, Dora bowed her head and moved to the door. Now that she had gained her end, her excitement died with her, and she felt cold and faint.

"Are you coming, Tryan?" she asked, speaking with an air of exhaustion.

"No," replied Thir, without giving him time to speak. "Tryan is not coming, Miss Valland; he and I have our 'Good-byes' to say to each other. You won't grudge us that privilege, I suppose? He is not coming, I assure you," she repeated, when Dora looked inclined to argue the point. "You can pick up an escort in the village; there isn't a man or boy in the place who wouldn't be proud to go without his tea to do a little service for the parson's angelic saint-like daughter! Go and get the protection of a man who believes in you, even if it is only a hump-backed hedger and ditcher! Don't ask a favor of the man you have just traduced, of the man who knows you for what you are—a poor-spirited envious wretch, who, because she could not be happy herself, begrudged happiness to another! Go, Miss Valland—there is no further pleasant companionship possible between you and Tryan Cambray!"

Dora opened the door and passed out without any attempt at remonstrance; and the little party left behind waited in perfect silence until they heard the garden gate clang to after her. Then Miss Caroline put her arm within her sister's and urged her towards the door.

"Mind, Tryan," she said—"we don't believe this terrible thing of you any more than Thir does! It will right itself in time—never fear!"—and so they went out and left the lovers alone altogether.

The words were kind—Miss Caroline's words always were—but the tone was hopeless in spite of herself, and, as the door closed behind them, Tryan felt that the moment had come to take a final farewell of his dearest possession.

"It has been a short engagement, dearest," he murmured, as Thir put her arms around his neck and clung to him.

For some minutes they stood there silent and motionless. The two kittens had curled themselves up and gone to sleep where Thir had dropped them, and lay at her feet, two little balls of fur. The sight of them stirred a dull sense of amazement in her mind.

Was it possible that ten minutes since she had been screaming with laughter at the grotesque pranks of the frolicsome little creatures? She wondered to see the room still looking as bright as ever through all this misery; she hated the flowers for their air of vigor and brilliant beauty.

Their jaunty prosperity jarred horribly upon her; she felt that they ought all to have been smitten with a sudden blight, to have drooped and died under the pain and anguish of this ordeal. And then she brought her wandering glance back to her lover's face, and, seeing the heavy cloud of grief there, she almost forgot her own sorrow for the moment in her desire to lighten his.

"It will pass, Tryan," she whispered eagerly, pressing closer to him. "Aunt Carry was right, dear. Dora Valland has scared us all out of our senses with her high-flown nonsense, and we've let her walk over us; but she will have to listen to reason. This affair isn't settled, dearest; it is only just begun. That spiteful young woman will have to be brought to her senses somehow!"

"No," rejoined Tryan, quietly; "you don't know Dora as I do. She has got this hold over me, and she will use it. When once she takes up an idea, she sticks to it to the death. You see, Thir, my darling, my long silence about this business was a terrible mistake. If I had only mentioned the fact of my being in the quarry that night to somebody, I should not mind so much."

He paused thoughtfully, and Thir remained silent. She would not seem curious. What he chose to tell her he might; but she would not put one question to him.

"You see, it was in this way," he went on presently. "When I got home from the quarry that evening, I found my father in one of his terrible fits of pain; and I never gave another thought to the scream on the hillside—hardly even remembered it, in fact—until I heard of the murder the next day; and even then my time was so taken up with attending to the dear old dad, that I never gave another thought to that poor girl's death until the day of the adjourned inquest.

"Well, that morning my father quieted down a little, and I arranged to run down and see the Coroner and tell him what I knew; but they got the thing through so quickly that it was over almost before I knew that it was begun, and so I let it rest as it was. If I had had important evidence to give, it would have been another matter; but what could I tell them? Simply that I had heard a scream, and had gone up to try to find out what it meant, and came back without discovering anything—really nothing at all, you see. What was the use of making a fuss and having the inquiry reopened for that?"

"What indeed?" said Thir gently.

"And so I decided to hold my tongue. But, if I had known that Dora was there —— I can't think how I missed seeing her! I searched the quarry all round; I don't believe I missed a place except just that narrow space between the hut and the wall."

"And she, that poor girl, was lying there all the time?"

"She must have been, poor little soul! She had passed while Dora and I were talking at the Parsonage gate some time before, and I remember Dora was vexed at something I said about her likeness to you. Well, I watched her down the road—you know what a lonely piece it is between the Parsonage and the lodge—and saw her turn off across the common. Do you know, Thir, when I saw her take that path, something struck me at the time that all wasn't right; and, when I came to the place myself on my way home, I seemed to be drawn towards the quarry independently of my own will. It looked so lonely and desolate in the half light that it seemed cruel to go straight on home and leave that poor little thing out there by herself. Well, at any rate," he added, as if a little impatient with himself for troubling to find an excuse for his conduct, "let the reason be what it might, I struck off across the path towards the quarry, and went on right to the birch trees at the foot of the hill without seeing a living thing. And it was while I was standing among the trees, wondering whether I should go on any farther or not, that I heard the scream that Dora spoke of just now."

"Oh, Tryan!"

"Where Dora was then I don't know but she could not have been as near to the quarry as I was, because I had left her at the Parsonage gate; and I'm sure she was nowhere near me when I turned off across the common. Well, Thir, I knew the scream came from the quarry, and I dashed up the hill as hard as I could go; but it's a stiff bit of climbing just there, and it must have been close on to ten minutes from the time I heard the scream to the time I reached the entrance of the ghastly hole. Ten minutes is a long time in some cases—certainly it was quite long enough for the murderer to have seen me coming and to have climbed out of the quarry at the other end; or it is even possible that he was crouching down behind the hut all the time I was there. Who can tell?"

"No, indeed!" said Thir, with a shudder. This quiet passionless recital of the events of that terrible night was thrilling to her; but she would not let him see how she suffered, because she guessed that it comforted him to talk openly at last of the ghastly incident.

"In any case he would have seen me sooner than I could have seen him, for I was in my flannels, and white things always show up in the twilight. That accounts for Dora having seen me, I suppose; but that she should have believed this thing of me——"

"Tryan, she does not! She believes it no more than I do—no more than you believe it yourself. If she believed such a thing of you, why did she wait all this time, only to speak of it now, to use it as a threat against me? She hated me from the very first moment she saw me—I suppose I was not meek enough in my manner towards her; people about here think so much of her, you see, and aunt Polly had dinned her praises in my ears until I set up my back in downright perversity, and started out with the determination to prance higher than she did, if I broke my neck over it! And I guess that's just about what I have done," she added, with a pitiful smile.

After a brief pause, she went on again in the same tone:

"It is just out of spite against me that she has done this thing, Tryan. She is mad with rage to think that the girl who has gone against her from the first should come in between her and you, after your life-long friendship. She hates the very thought of anybody taking her place as your ally and confidant—least of all can she endure that I should be the one to oust her, and she'd almost swear away her own soul to prevent it."

Tryan said nothing. It was impossible under the circumstances that he should bear witness against Dora on that point. That this woman had given him her love unmasked was to him a matter of very real distress, for it seemed to him that the blame of such a mistake must rest more with him than her—blame which no amount of evil-doing on her part could lessen, and it behooved him to make what amends he could by guarding her secret religiously.

There was a long silence between them, and something in Tryan's manner, the tremulous touch of his fingers among the hair at her temples, the quickening of his breath, made her heart ache, for she felt they were the forerunners of his farewell.

With a sudden foolish impulse, eager to do anything which might put off the evil moment if but for a few seconds, she put out her foot, turned the sleeping kittens over on to their backs, and began tormenting them afresh.

"Look, Tryan," she said, as the fluffy little things began fighting the tip of her slipper—"aren't they beauties? The very worst boy in my Bible class brought them to me as a present."

The remark suggested an idea to him.

"Thir, are you fond of animals? Will you take Sheelah?"

"Take her? She will be heart-broken to leave you, Tryan?"

"But I am going to take up my quarters in Hull, and the poor little beast will be miserable in the crowded streets. Besides, I should have to get her a home somewhere—soon. I could not take her to Canada with me."

Thir forgot the kittens in the sudden anguish that filled her heart.

"You go soon, then—very soon?"

"As soon as ever I can. It will be better fore very one all round—especially for you, my darling. You will find it easier to forget me when I am on the other side of the Atlantic."

"You think so?" she queried, with a smile which reproached him more than any words could have done. "May I write to you sometimes, Tryan? Ah, let me!" she pleaded, reading reluctance in his eyes. "Let me, dear—just to tell you how Sheelah gets on without you?"

"Thir, for your sake——"

"Never mind about that, Tryan. I am just as selfish, and I can look after myself just as well as most girls going around. Directly I find it is possible to be happier in forgetting you than thinking of you, I'll do it, Tryan, as fast as any one of the lot. Let me write to you such letters as Teddy Greenbury would, telling you all the village gossip."

"And I, Thir—what kind of letters am I to write back to you?"

"Whatever kind you——"

"Thir, my darling, it will never do! It would not be fair to you, dear, or to the man you will meet by and-by."

"Hush!" She put her hand quickly to his lips, and looked at him with a desperate, ferocious air, assumed to hide the quivering of her lips.

"You must not say another word on that subject, and you must let me write to you. No, Tryan, she cried, with a sudden outburst of pain, "I can't let you go out of my life like that—I can't, Tryan; I can't! Even Dora Valland would not be cruel enough to forbid an occasional letter, just to let each know that the other lives. Do you wish us to be dead to each other—as if we had never met? Do you want me to wipe you out of my memory as I would wipe a piece of writing off a slate? Is that what you mean to do, Tryan? Are you going to forget me, as if I had never lived?"

"Thir—my poor little Thir!" he whispered, drawing her head down to his shoulder, as if the sight of her bright eyes and twitching lips were too much for him. "It shall be as you wish, dear one. Heaven knows there was no selfishness in my advice; I was thinking of you, and you alone! But you shall have your way: we will be friends; Thir, always glad to hear of anything and everything that tends towards each other's good or happiness—the best and most unselfish of friends, dear."

"Yes—real friends," she murmured; "friends till death, Tryan!"

"Till death, dearest," he repeated, gently. "And now you must let me go, my little heroine."

Her fingers tightened convulsively round his as he spoke.

"And, Thir, my love, those letters that you talk about—they must not begin until I have left the neighborhood for good. If I were to get two or three heart-broken letters a week from you, do you think I should be able to keep away when there was only half an hour's railway ride between us? And what good could come of our meeting, as things are now? We should only wear ourselves out with the passion of our grief. You shall hear from me before I go, or perhaps I will come to say good-bye in person. But in the meantime, darling, we must set our minds to the task of learning to live without each other."

"I never thought you would be such a cruel taskmaster," she said, raising her white little face to smile faintly at him; and there was something in his answering smile that told her how much he was suffering during this prolonged farewell.

"How selfish I am!" she muttered, setting her teeth firmly together and releasing his hand. "It's a queer way of showing my love, to cause you all this pain. I want to say a thousand things to you; but, if you were to stay here a week, there would still be as many more to say; and you know them all without my saying them, so what's the use? Good-bye my love—or rather, my best and closest friend! My heart will always be praying for your happiness. May the sun always shine on you and—all those dear to you, right away to the end!" She stopped with a little catch in her throat, and then she smiled at him again, and said hurriedly, "Kiss me, Tryan—just once—and then go! And go quickly, my dear, before I grow cowardly again and call you back!"

And he did her bidding without a pause or a backward glance, as if he too feared he might grow cowardly. He left her standing on the rug, in the flickering flashes of the firelight, with the kittens still playing with the tips of her slippers.

CHAPTER XII.

TRYAN went to Hull the next day, and a sudden death-like stillness settled down upon Dale Cottage.

Until they missed it, neither Miss Gunter nor Miss Caroline had quite realized how much Thir's brightness had done for them.

Her gay voice about the house, her genuine pleasure in their mature comeliness, her alterations and rearrangement of the furniture, her gossip about the awful doings of her Sunday-school pupils—all had helped to infuse a new interest into their lives.

And now it was all over.

She sent a note up to the Rectory on the Sunday evening, asking Mr. Valland to make other arrangements for her pupils, and he acquiesced sorrowfully, for she had begun to make her bright and honest influence felt among the rough lads of the village. Dora had told him of the rupture between Tryan and Miss Bright, though not of her own share in bringing it about; and he naturally put Thir's action down to her disinclination for effort in the early days of her trouble. Had he known, he would have been genuinely shocked that her principal reason for resigning her class was her anxiety to avoid the society of his daughter.

In the midst of her sympathy for Thir Miss Gunther found time to congratulate herself on the secrecy of the whole affair.

"Since it had to come," she said to Miss Carry, "it is especially fortunate that it came so soon, before the whole neighborhood was informed of the engagement. As for the Rector, he will be discretion itself.

Carry agreed; but her tone was not as congratulatory as her sister's. She entered so much more fully into poor little Thir's grief that it was not to be wondered at if she failed to see the benefits of the new arrangement as quickly as her less emotional sister.

Thir found the task of living her daily life very hard just then; but she would have found it far harder without aunt Carry's thousand-and-one signs of quiet sympathy, her many unobtrusive little efforts to cheer her up, her shy attempts to rouse her from her fits of depression—for,

like most people of her temperament, when Thir was down-hearted, she was very down-hearted indeed.

When Thir, pale and heavy eyed, left the breakfast-table of a morning, Aunt Carry would contrive in the most natural manner possible accidentally to come across her niece's gardening-gloves and scissors, and would place them on the hall-table, and then go on to make some remark about the ragged condition of the plants in the drawing-room. Or perhaps she would get into some inextricable muddle with her dressmaking—she who was the very cleverest amateur dressmaker in all Quilter's Common—and complain and grumble persistently, until Thir was compelled to offer her assistance.

Apart from these little tricks and pretences, Aunt Carry had always a tender smile and a gentle hand-pressure ready for the girl; and, though she never alluded to the trouble unless Thir started the subject first, her meaning smiles were as good as spoken sympathy, and those sly hand-clasps were worth more than ordinary words of condolence.

Notwithstaning all Aunt Carry's efforts, Thir did not throw off her depression—indeed she seemed rather to foster it—and, as the days and weeks passed and she still remained resolutely within the house, silent and distraite, hollow-eyed and listless, aunt Carry grew anxious and distressed. And at last, meeting Doctor Clapper by chance one day, she took the matter boldly into her own hands, and asked him to drop in and see what he thought of her niece's state of health.

So the doctor came, and brought with him such a budget of news that Thir became quite interested, and, for the time being, looked almost herself again.

The Rector was going to marry Mrs. Poplett—that was his first startling announcement; and it set Miss Gunther off asking questions at once.

"Has the announcement been really made public, Doctor Clapper?"

"Well, it hasn't actually been posted up on the church door," replied the Doctor, in his easy-going, pleasant way; "but he has set about partly refurnishing the Rectory; and it is Mrs. Poplett who goes into York with him to choose the new wall-paper and the furniture stuffs, and so on. And Miss Dora wouldn't stand that unless there was a very sufficient reason for it, would she now?"

"Poor Dora!" exclaimed Miss Gunter, very softly. "It will be a great blow to her!"

"There's no doubt in the world about that," returned the Doctor, promptly. "She was asking me the other day what chance I thought she would have as a hospital nurse."

"Oh, Doctor!" cried Miss Carry distressfully, but she stopped abruptly, afraid of saying, in her sympathy for Dora, anything which might sound like a reproach to Thir.

"I don't think you need pity her because of that," said Doctor Clapper; "they do exceedingly well, some of those nurses, let me tell you. Besides, she will never do it; she has other fish to fry."

"What sort of fish?" inquired Miss Gunter.

"Tryan Cambray," he answered. "Dora Valland won't leave the neighborhood so long as Cambray is anywhere about."

"But he is not about, is he? I thought he had left."

"So he has, nominally; but he runs over now and again from Hull, on business connected with the sale of the old place."

"The sale!" interposed Thir. "Is it to be sold at once, then?"

Doctor Clapper turned politely to answer the question.

"Come and sit here among us if you want to talk," he said in the half-bantering, half-authoritative manner he generally assumed towards young girls. "I cannot carry on a conversation with a person half a mile behind me; and, besides, you will catch cold there by the window."

Miss Caroline saw the object of this little ruse at once, and made room for Thir next to herself, facing the light. But at that moment the girl looked as little in need of medical advice as any person in the room. All her old animation had returned when she put her question to the Doctor.

"Well, I really am anxious to hear about the sale of Cambray Hall," she said, as she took the seat on the couch next to Miss Caroline, "for I know a person whose heart is set on owning an old English place of that kind; and, as soon as it is actually in the market, I should like to let them know."

"Then I should advise your friend to communicate with Cambray's solicitors at once," the Doctor suggested. "And I hope with all my heart, for Tryan's sake, that it is somebody who can afford to pay a fair price for the place!"

"Do you know the address of the solicitors?" he asked.

"I have it at home, and I will send my boy across with it directly I get back," he replied. "We're all anxious to do anything we can for Tryan Cambray, Miss Bright; he's one of the very best fellows in the world! And I speak advisedly, for I know a good deal about him that you ladies would never guess. He is always the first to offer help in any case of distress. If his pockets were only as full as his heart, there'd be no such thing as poverty in Quilter's Common!"

Thir listened with a gratified flush on her face which made Miss Carry's heart ache. It was so plain that this was the only topic in the world which had power to rouse the girl.

"Yes," responded Thir, quietly, "he always seemed to me like that—always thinking more of others than himself."

"Ah, people will find it out now!" observed the Doctor. "Just because he never made a fuss over what he did, they got into the way of taking his good offices as a matter of course. Only yesterday young Greenbury was saying how much he missed his advice in farming matters. Miss Greenbury was asking after you, too, Miss Brig . She wanted to know if you were in my hands, and said that she had heard you were confined to your room with a bad cold."

"Oh, the cold is better now," said Miss Carry, coming to the rescue. "It was because Thirza did not see the Greenburys the last time they called that Muriel fancied she must be ill. What do you think Dora Valland will do when her father marries, Doctor?"

"Well, between ourselves," replied the Doctor, with a confidential air, "your next-door neighbor, the dressmaker, Mrs. Wellcome, told me that Miss Valland had been sounding her to find out if she was willing to take a lodger. I suppose it was for herself she was inquiring. There would be a capital neighbor for you, Miss Bright. You two young ladies could settle all the affairs of the parish over the front garden hedge; there would be no more of the blues then. By-the-bye, Miss Gunter, did you know the Rector's first wife?"

"No," rejoined Miss Gunter, looking suddenly interested; "she died before he came here. Did you know her?"

"You've been at Quilter's Common twice as long as I have," he answered. "How should I have known her?"

"I thought you knew something by your manner of putting the question," returned Miss Gunter.

The Doctor laughed genially.

"There should be Scotch blood in you," he said; "you are the very soul of prudence; Miss Gunter! I can't say I know anything; but, when Mrs. Wellcome was talking about Miss Valland yesterday, she said something that startled me very considerably—something about the late Mrs. Valland it was."

"Yes?" Miss Gunter was not to be drawn into showing any signs of vulgar curiosity; but Thir could see she was greatly interested, and she could also see that the Doctor's love of gossip would not allow him to keep back what he was longing to tell.

"Yes," he went on—"she told me that my predecessor at Quilter's Common found it go rather against his conscience to fill in the late Mrs. Valland's certificate of death. She said that, in spite of Miss Valland's goodness and beauty, she would prefer not to have her mother's daughter about the house with her youngsters, as there was no knowing when 'that sort of thing'—her own words—'might show itself all of a sudden.' She asked my opinion on the matter; but I did not know enough to entitle me to say anything. You see, I was a good deal taken by surprise; it was the first I had heard of it."

"Well, I'm very glad to hear that people don't talk much about it," Miss Gunter remarked; "they could not show their respect for the Rector in a better way. I think there is no doubt, though, that there was something unusual about Mrs. Valland's death, and I have heard that was decidedly eccentric in her ways; but, you see, those people who are really in a position to know are just the ones who would not talk about it, so of course it is impossible to assert anything definitely. But, as for Dora's inheriting any of her mother's strangeness——"

"Oh, no—that's all nonsense!" declared the Doctor, very decisively. "We're not going to have our model young lady transformed into a kind of human vampire just because of a few old-mothers' tales! Have you seen much of her lately—Miss Valland I mean? I think she has taken our friend Tryan's troubles very much to heart. I met her this morning, looking as bloodless as wax, and with a thoroughly haunted look on her face.

"What with Cambray's bothers," continued the Doctor, "and her father's coming marriage, she has her share of worry just now, poor girl! She takes it out of herself too much, too, especially lately. I heard of her being over at Craik last week twice in one day. There was no conveyance handy, and she wanted some things to go to a poor woman in trouble, so she tramped it the second time herself. She's thorough—is Miss Dora! That easy-going Mrs. Poplett won't be half the help to the Rector that his daughter has been."

Thir listened to the stream of village gossip, and thought that the Rector might perhaps be willing to put up with less actual help for the sake of the gain in comfort.

A new-comer on the scene, with eyes and ears open to receive fresh impressions, she had noticed the chilly dutifulness of Dora's bearing towards her father, and in her heart had rather pitied the genial Rector. And now, in spite of herself, she began to pity Dora too. She could not get the Doctor's gossip out of her head. She fancied that she read between the lines; she thought she knew why the Rector's daughter had become so unceasingly energetic lately.

She believed she understood what was the secret motive which urged her on to such unremitting effort; and it was one which had no connection with her father's marriage.

Yes—she was able to say, without the faintest reservation, that she was very sorry for Dora Valland. But pity was not the only emotion the Doctor's gossip had inspired; there was a touch of dread, too, in her mind—a dread which checked any desire to go near the conscience-stricken creature, and made her hope with all her heart that Mrs. Wellcome's prejudice would stand the test of argument, that she might not be induced to receive Miss Valland as a lodger. Instinct seemed to forewarn Thir that Dora Valland has not chosen that particular house for her future residence without being influenced by the fact that it was next door to Dale Cottage. Did she mean to see for herself that Tryan Cambray acted up to the spirit as well as the letter of his renunciation?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE "NICK O' TIME."—The miners of New Mexico tell a queer story which, whether true or not, illustrates forcibly the miners' belief in his luck.

According to this doubtfully vivacious narrative, a miner, named John Adams, was prospecting somewhere in the mountains. While wearily trudging along one hot day through a gulch where the sun had a good chance at his back, he suddenly smelt smoke.

The phenomenon struck him as odd, and he glanced quickly in every direction to ascertain the origin of the smoke, but, seeing nothing, he resumed his journey. A moment later the smell returned stronger than ever, and, the breeze just then blowing in the direction in which he was walking, a light wreath of vapor curled about his ears, and gave him to understand that his haversack was on fire. Like all miners, he carried a large lens for the purpose of examining the specimens and the sand in his pan, and the truth flashed upon him.

For want of room, he had hung the glass on the outside, and the rays of the sun had been concentrated on his haversack, which was thus set on fire.

As among its contents were twelve or fifteen pounds of powder, he lost no time in dropping the dangerous burden and getting as far away as possible before it exploded. The haversack fell between two huge stones, and settled down out of sight. Adams was soon at a safe distance, and disconsolately watched the smoke arising from his sole worldly possessions, waiting until the expected explosion was over, so that he could return and gather up the remains of his belongings. Suddenly there was a deafening report; the ground trembled, and Adams dodged behind a huge stone to escape the flying fragments. Rising, he went to the spot to gather up what he could find, when his eyes almost started out of his head at seeing the quartz that had been blown up fairly glittering with gold.

His powder had done better on its own account than it had ever done on his, and had literally blown open a gold mine for his benefit.

He was made a rich man in an instant, and named the mine the "Nick o' Time."

Bric-a-Brac.

PERILS OF THE DEEP.—It is estimated that every year 2,000 sailing vessels of all kinds disappear in the sea, carrying down 12,000 human beings and involving a loss of about $100,000,000 in property. It is only the great disasters, like that of the "President," or the "Elbe," that attract general attention; but the real perils of the sea are shown by the multitude of small losses. No one knows how many of those who go down to the sea in ships come to see no more of life in this world.

SELTZER-WATER.—It is not generally known that seltzer-water takes its name from the village of Lower Seltzers, in Nassua, where several springs, united in one basin, yield 5000 cubic feet an hour of the sparkling and effervescing mineral water. Over a million and a half bottles are exported yearly, bringing the State a revenue of over $30,000. The value of the springs was so little realised, that two centuries after they had been discovered they were rented for four shillings a year.

NATIONAL FLOWERS.—It is generally supposed that the lily is the national flower of France. But this is not the case, for although the fleur-de-lys is often taken for the emblematic flower of France as the rose is of England, it is in reality only the emblem of the old French royalty, and its import is no more a national one than the bees and violets of Napoleon. As a matter of fact France has no national flower, and if it did possess one it is much more likely to be the daisy than the lily, for this simple flower is a universal favorite with the French. The only heraldic emblem of the country is the Gallic cock.

WILL HE REMEMBER THE ADAGE?—It used to be said that one who lives in glass houses should not throw stones, though the author of this old adage never dreamed that anyone would ever live in a glass house. But a prominent French manufacturer of glass determined to construct a house entirely of that material for the next French Exhibition. The walls will consist of an iron skeleton, on which will be placed slabs of glass in such a manner as to form a double wall, in the interior of which hot air will be circulated in winter, and in the summer compressed air, which will cool them. The roof will be glass, with a network of iron, the walls, staircase, etc., being similarly constructed.

FOLK-LORE OF THE CUCKOO.—In Denmark, in the early springtime, when the voice of the cuckoo is heard in the woods, every village-girl kisses her hand and asks the question, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be married?" And the old folk, borne down by age and rheumatism, inquire, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be released from this world's cares?" The bird in answer continues singing "Cuckoo" as many times as years will elapse before the object of these desires will come to pass. But, as some old people live to an advanced age and many girls die old maids, the poor bird has so much to do in answering the questions put to her that she has no time to make her nest, but lays her eggs in that of the hedge-sparrow.

COLORS.—In mediæval times the following significance was given to color: White was emblematical of light, purity, virginity, faith, joy, and life. Carmine red, of Christ's passion and death, of royalty, of the Holy Spirit, and of fire. Blue, of truth, constancy, piety. Dark red, of anger, war, and bloodshed. Gold and bright yellow, of the graces, of brightness, marriage, and fruitfulness. Dingy yellow, of deceit and jealousy. Green, of hope, of spring, prosperity, victory, immortality. Violet, of love, truth, humility, passion, and suffering. Black, of death, mourning, humiliation; also of the earth. Blue with gold stars, of heaven. White and red roses, of love and innocence, or love and wisdom.

A CHURCH ON WHEELS.—The Bishop of North Dakota has a church built upon wheels capable of holding 70 people, with which he travels about his diocese much in the same manner as the showman wanders through the country in his caravan, with the difference that the bishop's structure is moved from place to place by railway. Whenever he wishes to halt for a service on one of his pastoral trips across his prairie diocese, the church is shunted on to a siding, and the news of his arrival having spread a congregation soon gathers. Notices of future services are given, and men will often walk long distances in order to be present, large numbers of miners and railway hands assembling. Naturally the Bishop is very proud of his church car; he conducts the services alone, and is his own pew-opener, verger, cook and housemaid.

HEROISM.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

"Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife."
Don your armor for the battle,
On the grave-strewn field of life!

"Life is real, life is earnest,"
It is not a fairy dream,
Day by day, thou ever learnest
Things are never what they seem.

All can tell the old, old story,
Of shattered hopes, and sad hearts riven,
Be a hero! strive for glory!
Conquer Fate, and win high Heaven!

OUT IN THE WORLD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MIDDLETON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE TEST," "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

CHAPTER XLII.—(CONTINUED.)

FOR reasons of his own, Mr. Jones had not desired to arrest Stannard until he had got to London. He wanted to give that gentleman time to realise his position, and he also wanted to postpone the examination of Lord Fayne.

He went to the prison and had an interview with Heriot.

Heriot was looking all the better for his night's rest, and greeted Mr. Jones in a manner which gratified that gentleman.

"I'm glad to see you looking so well, my lord," he said. "You don't look like, like——"

"Like a guilty man!" said Heriot. "Well, I'm not, you see!"

"Just so," said Mr. Jones.

"My father, who has just left me, tells me that Stannard Marshbank has not yet been found!"

"No, he hasn't," assented Mr. Jones. "I'd arranged to have him arrested in London. I'd given him the tip how to get away—that was when I thought you were quite safe. I'd no idea you were coming back. I meant to let him get clear off before I fixed the murder on him. You see, I wanted to save the family the scandal."

"I quite understand," said Heriot, "and I am sure we are all very grateful to you; but why have you changed your mind, and decided to arrest him?"

Mr Jones' lips tightened.

"Because he declined to avail himself of the chance I offered him, and set us at defiance. I had gone a long way out of the path of my duty, Lord Fayne; I had run the risk of being disgraced and kicked out of the force, but Mr. Marshbank declined to seize his opportunity. So there was nothing for it but his arrest. I made sure that he would go straight to the vessel that sailed this afternoon. He hasn't done so. I doesn't matter. We shall have him, if not to-day, to-morrow; if not to-morrow, the day after; for I needn't tell you that he's not likely to get off as you did: only one man in a thousand succeeds in doing that, and as you are the one man, the average has been passed."

"I see," said Heriot. "Do you happen to have any tobacco with you?"

Mr. Jones promptly produced his pouch, and watched Heriot admiringly as he leisurely filled his pipe.

"An examination will have to take place to-morrow," he said. "I shall only prove the arrest and for a remand. You don't mind a little delay, do you? I am afraid it's not over comfortable here."

"On the contrary, it's quite luxurious," said Heriot. "I have slept in many a rougher place, and many a harder bed."

"Lord Fayne, you are a brick—I beg your pardon!"

Heriot smiled.

"This unsolicited testimonial is extremely gratifying," he said, gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said Mr. Jones again. "If the evidence against you were twice as strong as it is I should know you were innocent. I know a guilty man when I see him, however admirable an actor he may be."

Heriot threw himself upon the bed and sighed.

"I'm innocent enough, Mr. Jones," he said; "but I've got to prove it, and I may find it difficult."

"You leave it to me, my Lord," said Mr. Jones as he went out. "I'll send you in some cigars and tobacco," he added, poking his head round the door.

When it was known the next morning that the examination would take place that day an immense mob besieged the court house, which was the usual pokey hole, badly lighted, vilely ventilated, and altogether unsuitable for its purpose; and the space allotted to the public could not by any possibility hold a hundredth part of the crowd eager to gain admission.

At the hour appointed the County magistrates filed on to the Bench. Lord Averleigh was not amongst them. He took his place just beneath the dock in which his son—the heir of the historic title—must stand. The well of the Court was filled with solicitors and counsel, amongst them the eminent one whom the Earl had engaged. Every inch of the available space was occupied.

When Heriot was led in a buzz and murmur of excitement rose from the packed throng. Every eye was turned upon him, and ever, one was impressed by his manly bearing, by his calmness, and the quiet dignity with which he answered to his name, and glanced round the Court.

The proceedings were quite formal. Mr. Jones proved the arrest.

"You say that Lord Fayne gave himself up?" said the chairman. "That he came of his own free will from a country with which we have no extradition treaty?"

"Quite so," said Mr. Jones, blandly.

A murmur of surprise rose from the audience.

A stately gentleman in an irreproachable wig rose from the well of the Court. It was the eminent counsel from London.

"I appear for Lord Fayne," he said, in weary accents. No one can be more weary and lymphatic than your famous counsel—until the moment for action has arrived. "I assent to the proposition for a remand. I have a full answer to the charge against my client."

The Court emptied. Heriot was taken back to the cell. The Earl accompanied him.

"Where is Stannard?" he asked.

Heriot shrugged his shoulders.

"How is she?" he said, as if the condition of Eva were of more importance than his own life or Stannard's whereabouts.

"Your Aunt Janet saw her this morning. She is bearing up wonderfully; but she would say nothing of—of anything connected with this affair. Janet could get no glimpse of her mind."

Heriot sighed.

They talked together for some time, going over the whole ground; but the father was thinking of his son, the son thinking of the woman he loved.

The adjourned examination was fixed for the next day but one. The delay distressed the Earl, but Heriot made light of it.

"It's all right, father," he said; "justice must be done, though the skies fall!"

He was walking up and down the cell as he spoke, smoking hard.

"I wish I could send a message to her, but I cannot. Stannard Marshbank is her affianced husband—all her thoughts must be centred in him."

The Earl sighed.

"Yes," he assented, knitting his brows; "but I cannot understand how she can still believe in him."

Heriot turned his face away.

"That is a greater mystery than the Averleigh murder, father," he said. "Go now; I can't bear you to remain in this place; I've always a feeling that the prison taint will cling to you. It's a pity that a man's folly should bring punishment upon those he loves as well as upon himself!"

But where was Stannard Marshbank?

With the key of the drawing room in his pocket he passed through the hall, taking up his hat and coat on his way, and went into the night. His head was burning, the rest of him cold as ice. He was too clever not to realise the peril in which he stood. There might be time yet for him to escape. Mr. Jones had already shown him a way.

He went round to the stables and, as quietly as possible, told the coachman to get out a dog cart.

"I have been summoned to London on important business," he said. "I think I can catch a train at Layford."

The man, quite unsuspicious, got the dog cart ready, and drove Stannard to the station.

He was lucky enough to catch the express, and in due course found himself in London.

He went to an hotel, had a bath, and tried to eat some breakfast. Then, with only one thought—that of escape—in his mind, he ordered a cab to take him to the docks.

But on the way he set himself to work to review the situation.

He was tolerably calm by this time, and, his acute brain sharpened by his peril, he was able to weigh all the pros and cons. After all, how did he stand? There was nothing against him except Grace's testimony, the matter of the link, and the shoe prints.

As set against that, was the evidence which told against Heriot.

Before he had got half way to the docks, where he had intended to secure his passage to a land of safety, he had decided not to fly, but to return and face the music.

Mexico, or some other outlandish place, might be good enough for Heriot Fayne, but would be worse than death to Stannard Marshbank.

No, he had been a fool to fly! he would go back and dare Heriot to do his worst; he would appear and give evidence against him, and help to hang him!

He stopped the cabman and told him to drive back to the hotel. Notwithstanding his resolution, he felt shaky and nervous. He had not slept either on the train or at the hotel; he would try and get a little sleep now. He could only do it with the aid of a narcotic, and he took a liberal dose of chloral.

He slept late into the next morning; then he rose with a racking headache, and had a bath. He tried to eat and drink, but it was a failure. His skin was dry and hot; his tongue was parched and shrunk; his eyes were like balls of fire. The waiter eyed him curiously, and did not seem at all surprised when he pushed his plate away from him, and ordered brandy and soda.

He got up from the table, and in so doing caught sight of himself in one of the long mirrors which adorned the over-decorated room.

He scarcely recognised himself. He had purchased a suit of clothes—for he had come away in evening dress. They were not a particularly good fit, and he looked thin and shrunken in them, his face was grey and drawn. He started at the reflection of himself, and tried to force a smile.

Then he thought of Eva. This was to have been his marriage morning! The thought sent a rush of blood to his haggard face.

Was he going to throw up the game? Was he going to surrender her?

He swore between his clenched teeth, and, turning to the waiter, fiercely asked for a "Bradshaw."

He had to wait nearly two hours before he could get a train, and this he found, would only land him at Layford Junction. Averleigh was only a small station on the branch.

He spent those two hours wandering about the streets, for he could not remain in his room. He wandered about like a man in a dream, the chloral and the brandy he had taken fighting between them for the possession of him.

The passers-by glanced at him curiously, and once a policeman stopped in his measured tramp and looked at him attentively, for Stannard had all the appearance of a man half drunk.

He went to the terminus, and in a mechanical fashion purchased the usual papers and magazines with which the ordinary passenger endeavors to while away the tediousness of a long journey: then he shrank into a corner and tried to read; but the type danced wildly up and down the page; the sentences, even when he saw them, conveyed no meaning. He flung the magazine away from him with a curse, and tried to sleep, but it was a failure.

He had purchased a bottle of chloral before he started, and he could not resist the temptation to take a dose. He fell asleep—the drugged sleep which brings rest neither to the weary body nor the weary brain.

In that mockery of slumber he enacted the murder of Ralph Forster; he saw Eva looking at him with horror and loathing, he saw a crowded Court; heard the judge pronouncing sentence.

Little wonder that when he got out at Layford he was in a semi-unconscious condition, in which the present and the past were mixed in hideous confusion.

At that hour of the night no vehicles were in waiting at the station; he could only reach the Court on foot. But he meant to reach it if he had to crawl to it on his hands and knees. He would set Heriot Fayne, that cursed detective, everybody, at defiance.

He stood at the bottom of the station steps and looked round him giddily. A porter passed him, and glanced at him curiously. Stannard walked on a few paces. The cold night air revived and sharpened his heavy brain. He began to review all the circumstances in his favor; tried to lay the flattering unction of his personality to his soul.

He was Stannard Marshbank, a Member of Parliment, a man against whose name no one had ventured to bring a charge—until last night. What had he to fear? Certainly, not anything such a well-known bad character as Heriot Fayne could say against him.

The night was cold; there was a slight frost, and with it a mist which was gradually growing thicker. It was not, however, too dense for Stannard to see his way. It was a long walk to the Court, but he was not sorry that it was so; it would give him time to pull himself together, to perfect his plans.

He walked on, striving at every mile to clear his brain of the fumes of the chloral which still obscured it. The mist grew thicker, but he could still see his way, and, in due time, he reached the edge of the moor.

Here, as was only natural, the mist was at its densest. He paused and looked round him doubtfully. No place is more confusing than a wide-stretching moor enveloped as this moor was to-night.

He lit a match, but it only served to show him the density of the white vapor which stretched like a sheet of wool before him. He was confounded for a moment, but he flung the match from him and set his teeth. The moor had to be crossed, and he must cross it.

He walked on in what he imagined to be the direction of the Court, and he continued walking for what he thought a period extending over half an hour, but which really covered only half that time.

He had eaten nothing since the dinner at the Court; he had taken large doses of chloral; he was beginning to feel light-headed and heavy limbed. A terrible depression got hold upon him; he heard voices above him in the mist; now Eva's, then Grace's, and, lastly, Ralph Forster's. Phantom faces grew out of the vapor, faces which gradually merged into the blood-stained one of the murdered man.

The cursed moor seemed haunted! He tried to laugh off his fears, but his voice sounded in his own ears like that of a mocking devil. Suddenly he saw a light glimmering through the white haze. With an effort he dispelled the phantoms, and forced his trembling legs in the direction of the friendly beacon.

It disappeared. The vanishing of the light impressed him in his overstrained condition as something terrible and ominous. He stood for a moment, his hands pressed to his eyes; then he called out aloud.

There came no response to his appeal. The phantoms gathered round him again, floated about his head, voices rang in his ears; the voice of Ralph Forster uttering the words which the murdered man spoke before the fatal shot was fired.

With a hoarse cry he staggered on. Suddenly the ground seemed to give way beneath his trembling feet; he felt himself falling, and uttered one despairing shriek which pierced the mist like a knife.

Then all was silent again.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE mist was still hanging over the moor, but not so thickly as on the preceding night, when, next morning, Mr. Jones was crossing to the Warners' cottage.

He was going to tell Grace that the adjourned examination would take place at twelve o'clock, and that she would probably be called as a witness by one side or the other.

As he came up to the edge of the quarry, he mechanically looked into it. It was a matter of habit with him, and he stood and started at the place in which the body of Ralph Forster had been found so often, that it was quite impossible that he should pass along the brink of the quarry without gazing into its depth.

As he did so this morning he started slightly, and bending down stared hard; for he fancied he saw something that looked like a body lying almost on the exact spot which had been occupied by the murdered man.

"Of course it's fancy," he said to himself, "I'm like the old woman who looked under her bed every night for twenty years, and at last was so firmly convinced that she saw someone that she went into a fit."

But, as he stared, the mist was rolling away, and, with a start and an exclamation, he realized that there was indeed something lying in the hollow beneath him. He descended the very track down which Stannard had gone in pursuit of Ralph Forster, and discovered that the something was no other than Stannard Marshbank himself.

He was lying perfectly still, with one arm doubled under him, his white face

flecked with blood which had trickled from a wound on his head. He might have been the ghost of the murdered man, so near the spot was he lying, so similar was his appearance.

For the first time in his life, Mr. Jones was startled out of his presence of mind. How had the man come there? Surely never had poetical justice been more complete!

He recovered himself after a moment or two, and blew a shrill call on his police-whistle; then he raised the head of the unconscious man, and felt his heart. It was still beating, but very faintly.

Mr. Jones got some water in his hat and bathed the blood-stained forehead, and forced a little brandy from a flask through the clenched teeth. He had scarcely done so before he heard shouting above him, and the village constable and two farm-laborers came stumbling down the track, and stood staring at the prostrate man.

"Quick," said Mr. Jones; "there's not a moment to lose. Pull yourselves together." For the men were overwhelmed by the presence of the lifeless man, and the awesome place. "We must carry him to the nearest house; the Warner's cottage."

They lifted their burden gently, and slowly and carefully carried it across the moor to the cottage. Grace and Mrs. Warner had seen them coming, and met them at the gate. Both were terribly frightened; and Grace uttered a cry as she recognised Stannard.

There was no time to ask or answer questions; Stannard was taken upstairs, and one of the men sent for Doctor Watson.

"How did it happen?" asked Grace, as she and her mother and Mr. Jones stood beside the bed, and looked down at the deathlike face lying there.

She was trembling and there were tears in her eyes; for she was a woman, and she had once loved the man.

Mr. Jones shook his head.

"I don't know; I haven't the least idea. I found him lying at the bottom of the quarry, quite close to the place——"

Grace understood and shuddered.

"It is Fate!" she murmured.

"Well, I don't believe in fate as a rule," said Mr. Jones, gravely. "But this does look as if there was something in it."

Doctor Watson arrived very shortly afterwards, and made his examination.

"Will he die?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Does the Earl know?" asked Doctor Watson. "You'd better send for him."

Warner was dispatched to the Court; and Lord Averleigh came up on horseback. He was greatly shocked, and could say nothing for a time, then in faltering accents he said—

"Miss Winsdale should know."

"There will be no need to send," said Mr. Jones. "The men who helped me to carry him here will have spread it all over the place long before this."

Doctor Watson continued to use restoratives, and presently the white lips twitched, and Stannard opened his eyes.

"Is he conscious?" whispered the Earl.

Stannard answered for himself by turning his eyes on Lord Averleigh.

"Where am I?" he asked, in the dull voice of a man who has passed beyond the power of emotion. Then he saw Grace, and he smiled faintly. "I remember. I lost my way. Where did you find me?"

All of them shrank from telling him.

He looked at them strangely.

"I see," he said, in the same monotonous voice. "I must have fallen over the quarry." The awful coincidence did not seem to strike him.

The Earl bent over him.

"Are you in any pain?" he asked.

"Not in the least," said Stannard calmly.

"Surely that is a good sign?" said the Earl to Watson.

He shook his head solemnly.

"He has injured his spine," he said, "he can feel nothing."

He spoke in a voice too low for Stannard to hear, but he was watching the doctor's lips, and, as calmly and impassively as before, he said—

"Am I going to die?"

Doctor Watson was silent for a moment then he said the one awful word—

"Yes!"

Stannard's face was distorted for an instant by a look of dread and horror, then he said—

"Thanks, I thought so; I once saw a man fall, as I must have fallen, in the hunting-field. He was in no pain, he could not move, just as I cannot move. I'm going to die!"

There was silence for a minute or two; then he said—

"Have you told Eva? She will be very glad!"

As he asked the question, Eva and Mr. Winsdale entered the room. She went and stood at the head of the bed, her hands clasped tightly, her face almost as white as the dying man's.

"It was very good of you to come," he said, his eyes turning to her, as if he only saw her indistinctly. "Where is Heriot?"

They did not answer.

"I see," he said. "They have arrested him?"

He looked at Mr. Jones, with a smile half-sinister, half-defiant.

"If I were to die without saying anything he would be in a bad way, would he not?"

"He would," replied Mr. Jones, gravely.

"Yes, I know," said Stannard. "Even if a jury acquitted him, most people would persist in thinking him guilty."

Mr. Jones inclined his head.

"So it rests with me," said Stannard. He looked at Eva, and then at Lord Averleigh, as if undecided whether to speak or remain silent. Neither Lord Averleigh nor Eva uttered a word. It seemed to them that Heriot's good name, perhaps his very life, lay in the feeble palm of the dying man. Would he carry his malignant hatred beyond the grave?

Stannard watched them with a curious expression on his white face; then he turned his eyes to Mr. Jones.

"Get out your notebook," he said. "Last night, if anyone had told me that I would do what I am going to do, make a full confession, like a melodramatic villain on the stage, I should have laughed him to scorn. But I was alive then, and now I am as good as dead, am I not, doctor? And, strange to say"—he seemed to be speaking more to himself than to them—"I do not seem to care what happens now. After me the deluge. I know by that I am dying, for if there was the slightest chance for me"—his eyes flashed upon Eva's face—"I would hang a dozen innocent men rather than lose you. For I have loved you, Eva. I doubt whether Heriot can love you more than I have done."

He smiled bitterly as he paused.

"Would he have committed murder for your sake? Would he have risked his good name and repute, even, to win you? I think not. I have done all this and more. I killed Ralph Forster." He spoke the words without a sign of remorse or even regret; it was as if he had said he had walked across the moor or taken a ride in the park.

Eva uttered a faint cry, but none of the others exclaimed, and Mr. Jones wrote steadily.

"It was not manslaughter," said Stannard, in the same dull, toneless voice, "I attacked him first, sprang on him from behind. The fellow had dared to threaten me with exposure. I hated him, I wanted to kill him—and I did! I thrust him over the edge, and went down afterwards and shot him with the gun which he must have taken from Heriot. I had seen Heriot just before this, and had asked him not to expose me. Forster had overheard us, I was in his power; he had to die."

The utter absence of emotion increased the horror felt by the hearers.

"It was I who took Grace away from home. It was about the only folly I ever committed, and it has worked my ruin. But for that, I should have been your husband to-day, Eva, and an honored and respected man—because a successful one. I dropped the sleeve link while the struggle was taking place, and I hid the other in the chimney of my bedroom. That and the foot prints, and this, my 'last dying confession,' will be sufficient to clear Heriot. Is that all you want?"

"That is all," said Mr. Jones.

"Then I shall be glad if you will leave me to die in peace," said Stannard. "How long have I got, doctor?"

As the others left the room, the doctor felt Stannard's pulse.

"Try and keep quiet," he said.

"I was not aware that I had made any particular noise," said Stannard. "Is the room getting dark? Draw the curtains back."

The doctor made a pretense of doing so; though they were far back already.

There was a long silence, then Stannard opened his eyes, and staring into vacancy, gasped—

"Eva!"

It was his last word, and spoken almost with his last breath; for, a minute or two afterwards, Doctor Watson drew the sheet over the now placid face, and the curtains across the window.

* * * * * *

Long before the hour fixed for the examination, a larger crowd than even that which had collected on the preceding day besieged the court. The dingy room was crammed almost to suffocation, and the eminent counsel had to fight his way through the mob at the imminent peril of his silk gown.

Everybody was talking of the strange discovery of Mr. Marshbank at the bottom of the quarry; and all kinds of sensational stories were passing from lip to lip. Even the magistrates on the Bench were excited and agitated, and the calmest man in the room, singularly enough, was the prisoner in the dock.

He stood up in the dock, and met the intense gaze of the excited crowd with that calmness and sang froid which always distinguished him in moments of peril or crisis. Lord Averleigh tried to get near him, but he could not make his way; and Heriot waved his hand, and smiled bravely and encouragingly.

Mr. Jones battled across the court to the counsel; and the spectators eagerly watched the two as they whispered together, and noticed that the barrister seemed startled and surprised, and that he bent over to the counsel for the prosecution and whispered hurriedly.

By the expression of their faces, and scraps of their conversation, it was evident that Heriot had become very popular with the crowd. He was the son and heir of their own particular Earl, his good looks and his manly bearing won their sympathy; then, again, many of them had made his acquaintance as the pleasant, good natured fiddler, who had played and sung for their amusement, had sat beside their hearth, and had won the hearts of their children.

"Him commit a murder!" a woman was heard to exclaim. "Why, he wouldn't hurt a fly! Didn't he carry our little Willie when he hurt his leg. I don't believe it, whatever they may bring agin him!" And she expressed very correctly the general feeling.

The chairman of the magistrates coughed slightly; the usher called for silence; and the counsel for the prosecution rose. He looked very grave, and made an elaborate business arranging his brief.

"Your worships will be surprised to hear that I do not intend to proceed with the case against Lord Fayne."

A murmur ran round the crowded court, and the usher cried "Silence!" Heriot started slightly, and his tanned face colored. What did it mean?

Amidst an intense silence, counsel for the prosecution continued; and now his voice was very solemn—

"Since the last examination, your worships, an event has occurred which has cleared up what has been called the mystery of the Averleigh murder. At all times, we trust, earthly justice, my lord, is guided by an Almighty Hand, but in some cases that Hand is seen so plainly that we have but to humbly follow its direction. It has, my lord, drawn aside the veil which shrouded this tragedy; it has cleared away the mist which obscured the truth respecting it, and through which we were blindly groping, with every desire to do the right, but with that possibility which attends all human efforts, of perpetrating the wrong. Against the gentleman who stands in the dock, against Lord Fayne, there was, my lord, a mass of evidence which seemed to point conclusively to his guilt. That evidence it would have been my duty to place before you. But, my lord, since I stood before you last, Providence has swept away the value of that evidence, and provided others which transfers the guilt from Lord Fayne to an unhappy man who has now passed before a more dread, and yet, we trust, a more merciful Judge than any earthly one."

His words were listened to amidst a silence which was almost painful in its intensity. For the first time Heriot's face went white. He looked from side to side in amazement, and at last sought his father's face.

"What is it?" he said.

A cry rose from the crowd, they surged from side to side; the usher and the police with some difficulty compelled silence, and the clerk called Mr. Jones into the witness-box.

He told his story admirably, though no one guessed how much it cost him to maintain the coolness and composure on which he prided himself. It was a story so remarkable, so dramatic, that its effect upon the listeners was to produce something like stupor.

Not for one moment had anyone suspected the real criminal; and as the real character of Stannard Marshbank was revealed in a masterly, yet merciful way, by Mr. Jones, the listener looked at each other in dull amazement.

Stannard Marshbank seemed to them to have been the very last man in the world to commit the crime, to have been guilty of even a folly or a weakness! When Mr. Jones had finished the counsel for the defence rose.

"I have no questions to put, my Lord," he said. "But I should like to say, for my own satisfaction, and for that of Lord Fayne's friends, that we have never for one moment, whatever the evidence may have been, believed him to have been guilty of this crime."

A shout of approval greeted his words. The chairman held up his hand for silence.

"Lord Fayne," he said, we dismiss the case; and while, as is our duty, we acquit you, we desire to express our sympathy with you for the grief and anxiety which this charge must have caused you."

The moment the last word had left his lips the court rang with a tremendous roar. It was too long, too confused for a cheer; it was the pent-up excitement finding expression in a wild outburst, in which the shrill treble of the women mingled with the roar of the men. As if by an impulse, the crowd swayed and surged towards the dock, shouting Heriot's name, and extending their hands in a vain attempt to grasp his. Even the magistrates on the Bench were moved. Tears were running down Lord Averleigh's cheeks as the chairman leant over and grasped his hand.

Heriot stood, very white, his lips trembling, confused, bewildered, scarcely conscious of what was going on around him.

His innocence was proved. Stannard had confessed; was dead! Was it all a dream? And should he wake presently and find himself in his bed at the Lone Hut?

Suddenly, two great fellows, one a keeper, and the other a farm-laborer on the estate, shouldered their way towards the dock.

"You come out of that, my lord," cried one of them, and they seized Heriot, and lifted him bodily out of the dock.

The action afforded the crowd the liveliest gratification. They pressed round Heriot, and he would inevitably have been borne to the ground but that the two men formed a kind of body-guard, and carried him in the open air.

His appearance was greeted by a loud roar from the immense crowd collected outside the Court-house. Heriot stood confused still; at the moment, then he remembered the dead man, and, standing on the top step he raised his hand.

"Thank you, my friends!" he said. "You are glad that I am a free man once more, and that my innocence is proved, and so am I. But we have both forgotten that he who did the deed lies dead; that there are still some whose hearts are heavy. Do not let us forget them! Let us go home quietly, and show our sympathy as true friends and neighbors."

An English crowd is quick to catch the note of a true sentiment. There was one cheer more for Lord Fayne and his father, and then the crowd began to disperse.

Mr. Jones, who seemed to have the power of thinking for everybody, had ordered a carriage to be in readiness, and, as it drew up close to the steps, he got Lord Averleigh and Heriot in. The Earl was too much shaken to speak, but he got hold of Heriot's hand, and did not release it until they reached the Court, and Lady Janet, who had been informed of Heriot's release, took complete possession of him. The three sat talking as calmly as possible of the scene that had just been enacted; then Heriot rose.

"Will you come with me, father?" he said.

The Earl did not need to ask whither, and the two men walked across the moor, the father leaning on his son's arm, to look at the dead man who had worked them such dire wrong, but whom, both men could say with truth, they had forgiven.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SERIOUS FRIENDSHIP.—Serious friendship cannot be enjoyed except by persons of character. Those who, themselves light and frivolous, choose friends from whim or fancy, or drift into the relation from chance proximity, or who make passionate or extravagant demands, forgetting the other duties of life in a swift exciting transport of feeling, must forever remain ignorant of the depth, the solemnity, and the sacredness of which friendship is capable.

Emerson says, "Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams instead of the tough fibre of the human heart. The laws of friendship are austere and eternal—of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. But we have aimed at a swift and petty benefit to suck a sudden sweetness. We snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of God, which many summers and many winters must ripen. We ask our friend not sacredly, but with a passion which would appropriate him to ourselves."

WE TWO.

BY W. W. LONG.

She breathes a purer air than I,
On lofty heights that she has found;
Her feet touch not the rugged road
That mine find here on common ground.

Rare flowers bloom about her way,
Around her falls a radiant light,
Reflecting back to where I stand,
In desolation, darkness, night.

Miss Carew.

BY M. E. S. PENN.

"JACK, is it your intention to marry Mrs. Winthrop?"

"If she will do me the honor to accept me—it is."

This point-blank inquiry and decisive reply were exchanged between myself, Wilfrid Madeley, and my friend, Jack Davenant, one autumn evening five years ago, as we stood on the terrace of the hotel at Burgenstock, near Lucerne.

"Burgenstock," as perhaps some of my readers are aware, is a lofty wooded promontory, which juts out abruptly on the east side of the lake of Lucerne. A funicular railway shoots up almost perpendicularly from the shore to the summit of the cliff, which is crowned by a big white hotel, where my friend and I had been spending our autumn holiday. We were both barristers, but I was perforce a hard worker, while Davenant merely "coquetted with the law," having independent means.

"Is there any just cause or impediment why I should not marry Mrs. Winthrop?" he demanded, turning his bronzed face towards me.

"No 'cause' whatever; she is an excellent match in every sense of the word, and you are a lucky man if you win her. But there may be an 'impediment.' Her sister, Miss Carew, has evidently made up her mind, for reasons best known to herself, that Mrs. Winthrop shall not marry again if she can prevent it."

"But fortunately she can't prevent it," he interrupted. "If Stella—Mrs. Winthrop—loves me, as I hope and believe she does, it is not likely she will give me up at the bidding of that interfering old maid."

"She would be very foolish to do so. But she seems to be in the habit of yielding to her sister, and even to be a little afraid of her, which surprises me, for Miss Carew does not give one the impression of being a particularly strong-willed or strong-minded person."

"Not strong-minded certainly," he acquiesced. "In fact it has occurred to me more than once that she is a little bit," he touched his forehead significantly, "and perhaps that is the reason Mrs. Winthrop gives way to her, not to irritate her by opposition. Haven't you noticed her nervous restless manner, and the scared sort of look she has, as if she had once seen a ghost and had never got over it?"

I laughed.

"She is sane enough to make herself uncommonly disagreeable sometimes," I remarked; "but to do her justice, she seems devoted to her sister, though in a jealous sort of way that must be rather trying."

"Trying? Stella must be an angel to endure it!" he exclaimed. "Poor darling, her life has not been a very bright one hitherto. Married at eighteen to a man old enough to be her father, who kept her shut up like a nun, and now, tormented by the tyranny and surveillance of a jealous old-maid sister——! But if she will trust herself to me, the future shall atone for the past," he added, more to himself than to me, and returned to his contemplation of the view.

At a giddy depth below us lay the "Lake of the Four Cantons," calm as a mirror in the evening stillness, while to right and left, like twin sentinels, rose the majestic forms of the Rigi and Mount Pilatus. The sun had set long ago, but the golden glow still lingered, and all the air seemed luminous.

Dinner was over, and the Burgenstock guests, among whom Germans predominated, were trooping out on to the terrace to drink coffee and enjoy the cool evening air. Trim waitresses bustled about, the hotel band began to play, and presently an electric lamp was strung up to a pole above our heads, illuminating the terrace a giorno.

"Here they are at last!" Jack exclaimed, after many expectant glances over his shoulder, and he went forward to meet two ladies who had just emerged from the house.

Except in figure and complexion, both being fair, and both tall and slender, the sisters were as great a contrast as could well be imagined. Mrs. Winthrop was a fragile, girlish-looking woman of three or four-and-twenty, with soft appealing eyes, and arched brows, which gave her face a look of innocent surprise.

It was a face which, if not actually beautiful, was singularly attractive; none the less so, perhaps, for the suggestion of weakness in the pretty curved lips and dimpled chin.

Miss Carew was at least ten years her sister's senior, and looked even older than her age, thanks to her worn features and pallid complexion. Her manner was nervous and abrupt, and her eyes—fine brown eyes, which redeemed her face from plainness—had at times, as Jack had remarked, a curiously startled look, as if the shadow of some great fear had passed over her.

"How late you are!" was my friend's greeting. "Dinner was over half-an-hour ago."

He placed a chair for the young widow as he spoke, leaving me to perform the same office for her sister.

"It took me exactly half-an-hour to convince Edith that it was not too cold to sit out of doors," she answered, laughing; "and having been 'convinced against her will,' she is naturally 'of the same opinion still.'"

"The air is chilly," Miss Carew asserted, as she drew round her shoulders a voluminous gray woollen shawl.

"You would be more sheltered at the other end of the terrace," Jack suggested with empressement. "Madeley, why don't you move Miss Carew's chair over there?"

"Thank you, I will stay where I am," she rejoined drily, as she subsided into her seat, and produced the complicated piece of knitting without which she was seldom seen.

Mrs. Winthrop laughed again, that pretty ringing little laugh of hers which was almost too frequent.

"Edith will freeze rather than desert the post of duty," she said. "'J'y suis, j'y reste' is her motto."

"But may I ask why she considers it her duty to mount guard over you so persistently?" Davenant inquired, lowering his voice. "I thought a widow could dispense with a chaperon."

"So one would think," she answered with a little shrug, "but to Edith I am still a girl, to be watched and guarded. It is rather irritating sometimes, but she is so good, so devoted, that I cannot complain. I know that she loves me dearly."

He looked at her adoringly.

"If it is a merit to love you," he began, "then I——"

She interrupted him with a tap of her fan.

"Hush! this is too public a place for sentiment. How full the terrace is tonight, and how loud those Germans talk!" she added, glancing over her shoulder at a particularly noisy group near us, the central figure of which was a stout black-eyed lady with strongly-marked Jewish features, who was attired with more splendor than the occasion seemed to warrant.

"Those dulcet tones are not German," I remarked; "it is Mrs. Solomans, the stockbroker's wife."

The young widow changed her position to have a better view of the Jewess.

"Her diamonds are splendid," she said softly after a pause.

Miss Carew, who had apparently been absorbed in counting stitches, looked up quickly. "Shocking bad form to wear them at a table-d'hote," she remarked, in her abrupt way.

"And not very safe," Davenant added, lowering his voice; "there is a thief in the house. The manager tells me that within the last fortnight several guests have missed small articles of jewelry. But the curious part of the matter is," he continued, "that the things have since been returned to their owners as mysteriously as they were taken. There is something rather uncanny about it—things vanishing and reappearing as if by some invisible agency."

"You make me quite nervous," Mrs. Winthrop declared, half laughing half serious. "I hope—— Are you going, Edith?" she broke off, as Miss Carew began to roll up her knitting.

"Yes, I am cold," the latter replied, with a shiver. "You had better come indoors too; it is getting late."

The young widow hesitated, but meeting her lover's pleading gaze, she answered with unusual decision: "Not yet; I will join you presently."

Her sister seemed about to speak again, but changed her mind, and walked away in silence.

Soon afterwards I also discreetly vanished, leaving Davenant to make the most of his opportunity. An hour later, looking from my window, I saw the lovers still tete a-tete, apparently unconscious of the fact that Miss Carew, grim and inscrutable as one of the Fates, was watching them from the steps of the verandah.

* * * * * *

"Well, Jack, am I to congratulate you?" I asked my friend the following day, as we were smoking after lunch in a shady nook of the shrubbery.

"Congratulate me on what?" he demanded moodily.

"On having won the fair widow, for I suppose you came to an understanding last night? Surely she has not refused you!" I added, noticing his gloomy expression.

"She neither refused nor accepted me," he answered, discontentedly. "I could not get her to give me a definite answer. She acknowledged that she cared for me, but talked mysteriously of an obstacle between us, and when I asked her what it was, began to cry. Of course the obstacle is Miss Carew—confound her!" he concluded, flicking the ash from his cigar.

"Cheer up; it'll all come right!" I said consolingly. "Rather than you should be disappointed, I'll marry the 'obstacle' myself."

"Thanks, old boy, that would indeed be a proof of friendship," he rejoined laughing, as he rose and stretched himself. "How intolerably hot it is! I'm going to get an iced soda. Au revoir!" and he strolled away.

The heat was indeed overpowering, and seemed to increase rather than diminish as the sultry afternoon wore on.

Lightly clad as I was, my clothes oppressed me. My very ring—a sapphire, in a massive old-fashioned setting—was an inconvenience. I took it off, and placing it on the rustic table before me, resumed the novel which I had been reading before Davenant joined me.

But the book was dull, and I was drowsy. The distant voices of the indefatigable lawn-tennis players, and the muffled plaint of the much enduring piano, which reached me through an open window, mingled together in a confused and soothing murmur. I fell into a doze, and from that into a sound sleep. I must have slept some time, for when I woke it was getting dusk.

Before my waking senses fully returned, I had a hazy idea that someone or something had been near me in the arbor; I even fancied that I had caught sight of a woman's figure in the act of leaving it, but when I roused myself and looked round, no one was visible. A glance at my watch showed me that it was time to dress for dinner, and I was moving away, when I remembered my ring, and turned to take it from the table.

To my surprise and dismay it was no longer there.

I looked under the bench, among the bushes, and in every nook and corner of the place—in vain. The mysterious thief had paid me a visit while I slept, and the ring was gone!

I felt that I had only my own carelessness to thank for the loss, but it was none the less vexatious, for the ring was a valuable one. I could only hope that it would eventually be returned, as other missing articles had been.

At dinner I related my adventure, drawing forth a chorus of excited questions and exclamations from everyone within hearing.

"You think it was a woman?" Davenant asked, when he could make himself heard.

"I am convinced of it. I caught sight of her figure as she left the arbor, and if I had awakened a few seconds earlier, I should have surprised her in flagrante delicto."

I happened to glance, as I spoke, at Miss Carew, who was sitting opposite, and met a look which startled me. If ever a face told a guilty fear, hers did at that moment. The look passed as quickly as a breath from a mirror, but it had been there, and it suggested to my mind a suspicion which I dismissed the next moment as extravagant and absurd. How was it possible to suppose that a wealthy and well-bred woman would condescend to petty pilfering.

Still that look haunted me.

A sort of chill seemed to have fallen on us; Mrs. Winthrop looked pale and disturbed, and I hastened to change the subject.

The sisters left the table before dessert, and to Jack's disappointment, did not appear after dinner.

Later in the evening I had occasion to go upstairs to fetch my cigar-case. I was approaching my bedroom door when it suddenly opened, and to my astonishment, Miss Carew emerged from the apartment.

She stopped short on seeing me, and for a moment we stood face to face, looking at each other in silence.

Then, as if taking a sudden resolution, she said, with a sort of desperate composure:

"I have returned your ring, Mr. Madeley."

"My ring!" I echoed. "Then," the words escaped me involuntarily, "then it was you who took it!"

She inclined her head without speaking, standing before me like a criminal awaiting sentence. I gazed at her in perplexity. She could not be in her right mind, I told myself, yet there were no signs of insanity about her at this moment. Her face was simply a blank page which told nothing.

"My dear Miss Carew," I said, forcing a smile, "what induced you to do such a thing? Was it meant as a joke?"

"You can think so if you like," she muttered, without raising her eyes.

Her manner provoked me.

"I should advise you to give up such jokes in future," I said drily; "they are rather a dangerous form of pleasantry, and might get you into difficulties."

"Shall you—do you intend to denounce me?" she asked, huskily.

"If anything of the sort occurs again, I shall be compelled to do so," I returned; "but in the meantime I shall keep silence for your sister's sake."

She raised her eyes to my face with a strange look; a look that seemed full of meaning, though I had not the clue to it.

"Thank you," she said, quietly, and before I could speak again, she walked past me down the corridor.

* * * * * *

Three days passed uneventfully, and brought us to Thursday evening, when the weekly soiree dansante took place. It was held in the large dining hall of the hotel, which made a capital ball.

Not being a dancing man, I seldom attended these affairs, and was inclined to grumble when deprived of my natural rest by the noise of revelry in which I did not share.

At about ten o'clock I looked in, on my way upstairs, and found the ball in full swing. Davenant and Mrs. Winthrop whirled passed me to the strains of the "Endymion Valse." They both looked radiantly happy, but it struck me that there was something feverish in the young widow's gaiety.

Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes unnaturally bright, and her laugh had a half-hysterical ring. She seemed as the Scotch say, "fey."

Near the curtained doorway where I stood, a row of "wall-flowers" and chaperons were seated, among whom were Miss Carew and Mrs. Solomans. The latter, as usual was absurdly over-dressed, with half the contents of a jeweler's showcase displayed on her neck and arms.

As Davenant and his partner walked past at the conclusion of the valse, I saw him laughingly direct her attention to the Jewess. The young widow looked at her careless, glancing over her shoulder as they passed on. Miss Carew also was watching her stout neighbor with a curious intent look, as if she were appraising the value of every jewel she wore.

Presently I retired to my room, but not to sleep; I felt wakeful and restless.

Before midnight the music ceased, there was a sound of footsteps and voices in the corridor as the guests dispersed to their different rooms, and I heard Davenant enter his, which adjoined my own. Then by degrees, silence settled down upon the sleeping house—silence utter and complete.

Feeling that if I went to bed I should not sleep this sultry night, I took a chair out on the broad stone balcony, on which all the rooms of the first-floor front opened. The suite occupied by Mrs. Winthrop and her sister were to the left, over the entrance, while my right-hand neighbor was Mrs. Solomans, whose sonorous snoring reached me distinctly through her open window.

It was a magical night. All the circle of the heavens glittered with stars, the lake and mountains lying in a tranced stillness beneath. To look up at that shining host in the silence of a night like this made one feel lonely and insignificant, giving one a sense of the immeasurable space which lies above and around this puny world of ours, the vast spheres of existence apart from our little life, and never to be explored by us.

I rose at last, and retreated to my room, to shut myself in from the wide vague night and the haunting presence of the stars. I had hardly quitted the balcony, when my ear caught the sound of a light foot-fall approaching along it from the left.

As I drew back into the shadow of the room, a woman's figured glided past—a tall slender figure—with a gray woollen shawl thrown over the head and shoulders. She walked swiftly but stealthily past my window, her long light wrapper trailing after her, and disappeared in the direction of Mrs. Solomans' apartment.

"So," I thought, "in spite of my warning, Miss Carew is at her old tricks again!"

What was to be done? Should I follow and prevent her from carrying out her purpose, or would it be better to wait till she emerged, and—— While I still hesitated, there came from the next room a sound of something dropped on the parquet floor.

The Jewess's rhythmical breathing ceased all at once. There was a smothered exclamation, then a loud startled cry, which rang through the silence.

I lingered no longer, but obeying an impulse of irresistible curiosity, hurried down the balcony and looked in through the open French window.

The electric light had been turned on, and showed me Mrs. Solomans in a graceful deshabille, just as she had sprung out of bed, clutching the wrist of the intruder, who stood as if petrified, her head bent low, and her shawl half covering her face. At the same moment Davenant's voice sounded behind me.

"What's the matter? What has happened?" he exclaimed, looking over my shoulder. "Hallo, Mrs. Solomans, have you caught the thief?"

"Yes, I have caught the thief," she answered, in a curious tone, glancing towards him.

The muffled figure made a sudden movement as if to escape, but Davenant placed himself in the way.

"No, no, madame or mademoiselle," he said, with ironical politeness, "you must not leave us till we have seen your face," and before she could prevent him, he drew the shawl away.

After one glance at the features which were revealed, he fell back with a gasp of astonishment.

"Good heavens—Stella!"

It was indeed Mrs. Winthrop who stood there, white and trembling, her face vacant with fear.

"Stella?" he repeated after a moment; "why are you here?"

"Is it necessary to ask that question?" Mrs. Solomans exclaimed, with an angry laugh. "Look! she has my necklet-case in her hand at this moment!" She pointed to it with a fat forefinger. "Luckily she dropped something and woke, or——"

She was interrupted by the appearance of Miss Carew, who put us aside without ceremony and entered the room. She was very pale, but looked neither surprised nor alarmed. There was a composed dignity about her which I had never noticed before.

"Is my sister here?" she asked quietly, addressing Mrs. Solomans. "She has been walking in her sleep."

"Edith, I am here. Take me away, oh, take me away, and hide me," the young widow cried, in a tone of anguish, rushing to her, and hiding her face on her shoulder.

The elder woman folded her arms round the trembling figure with a look of protecting tenderness which transfigured her face.

"Yes, darling, come," she said soothingly.

"I am sorry you have been disturbed," she added with a smile, addressing Mrs. Solomans, who stood transfixed. "Good-night."

Drawing her sister's arm through her own, she led the way along the balcony to the sitting-room they occupied, and turning at the door, beckoned to Davenant and myself to enter.

Mrs. Winthrop threw herself on a couch and buried her face in her hands, sobbing hysterically.

In a moment her lover was on his knees at her side.

"Stella, my darling," he began, taking her hand; "do not distress yourself. You have had a bad dream; try to forget it——"

She started at his touch, and raised herself, confronting him with a face so changed, so wild and haggard, that the words died upon his lips.

"Do not speak to me—do not touch me," she breathed, shrinking from him. "I am not worthy of your love. I am—what that woman called me just now"—her voice sank to a horrified whisper—"a thief!"

He drew back involuntarily, gazing at her in speechless astonishment.

"What are you saying?" he exclaimed; "you were not conscious of what you were doing. You were asleep——"

She shook her head.

"I was not asleep—though it seems now like a dream. Edith will tell you that." She broke off with a cry of pain, putting both hands to her temples. "My head—my head," she moaned, and with a long shuddering sigh, fell back insensible.

Davenant rose slowly, his face white to the lips.

"Is she raving, or is this horrible thing true?" he asked hoarsely turning to Miss Carew.

She did not answer him until she had laid her sister's nerveless figure upon the couch, and arranged the cushions under her head. Then she turned to him with a face almost as white as his own.

"It is true," she said quietly; "but——"

She held up her hand as he was about to speak.

"You must pity, not condemn, her. She is no more to be blamed for this unhappy mania than if it were a physical ailment."

"Mania?" he repeated quickly; "ah, I understand."

"Yes; a mania she has had since childhood. The temptation comes upon her as a sudden overmastering impulse. She acts automatically, as if under the pressure of a will stronger than her own, and retains no recollection of her action. There are intervals during which the malady seems dormant, and then again it attacks her—as it has since we came here."

He drew a deep breath and was silent a moment.

"Miss Carew, you should have told me this before," were his next words.

"You are right to reproach me," she acknowledged; "but I hoped to find a means of separating you from her without revealing this miserable secret, which it has been the purpose of my life to conceal. But now that you know it," she continued, "you understand how impossible it is that she can be your wife, and in mercy to her you will go away, and never seek to see her again."

"But she is young; she may be cured," I suggested.

"Never! Mr. Winthrop had that hope when he married her—for of course we had warned him; but all his love and care were in vain. No—death only can remove the blight which rests upon her mind."

Davenant turned and looked at the inanimate figure on the couch, so pathetic in its helplessness.

"How can I leave her? I love her—I love her!" he cried passionately.

"If you love her, do not torture her. Go before she wakes, and spare her the pain of saying good-bye."

He stood for a moment irresolute, then stooped and kissed again and again the closed eyes and sweet cold lips, and muttering some inarticulate words of farewell, turned and hurried from the room.

* * * * * *

The next day we left Burgenstock, and my friend never saw Mrs. Winthrop again. Little more than a year afterwards the tidings reached him of her death, and even he, who had loved her, could not but feel that she was mercifully taken.

A MAN OF COURAGE.

"SPEAKING of acts of courageous self-sacrifice for the public good," remarked a gentleman who had lived several years in Mexico, "I knew a man in Mexico who could give pointers to some of those old Romans we read about," says a Washington paper.

"At the time of my acquaintance with him he was 75 years old and was living with his second wife, by whom he had three or four children.

"When he was 30 years of age he lived on a ranch with his wife and child, a boy of 10, and their home was in a neighborhood infested with brigands, or what passed for brigands, who made frequent incursions into the valleys from their mountain resorts, robbing and cattle-killing and murdering, pretty much as it pleased them, to which was added the further diversion of picking up travelers and other who were worth money and holding them for ransom.

"So notorious had their depredations become and so helpless were the authorities in the matter that the entire section bade fair to become a howling waste, for travelers stopped coming and the inhabitants were getting out as fast as they could.

"Up to this time Garcia, for that was my old friend's name, had been in better luck than most of his neighbors, due largely to the fact that he was a brave man, and had in his employ on his ranch men who were as quick to fight as any brigand in the mountains. One day, however, the blow struck Garcia, and when he came home in the evening he found his wife crazy with grief and the boy carried off.

"He knew it was for ransom and waited until the robbers should come to the surface for their booty, believing that the boy would be well cared for as long as there was hope of getting money for him. In a day or two Garcia received a note to the effect that the boy was safe in the hands of Captain Manuel, the leader of the gang and the very soul and spirit of it, and that for the sum of $5,000 paid to him, Manuel, the boy would be restored.

"The reply to the note was to be left in a certain place a dozen miles to the north of Garcia's ranch, and from there Manuel would get it. Garcia made up his mind at once what to do, and he sent word to Manuel that the money would be paid and asked further instructions.

"He was duly notified that he was to come alone to a distant point in the mountains and there deliver the money and get the boy. That was all, and, taking the chances of treachery, he started out, having with him a dozen of his best men.

"These he left as near to the place of meeting as he dared and went forward alone some miles. In a remote spot he was met by Manuel, whom he knew, accompanied by five men. Garcia was heavily armed and wore under his clothes a coat of chain mail, for his was a desperate purpose.

"Manuel at once demanded that Garcia lay down his arms as a sign of good faith and hand over the money and they would take him to the boy. If he did not they would kill him and the boy also.

"In an instant Garcia replied with a shot that went through Manuel's brain, and then before the others could recover their senses he had killed two of them, next in command. Then, as others came in response to the firing, he started on a wild run down the gorge of the mountain with the bullets raining round him like hail and some of them hitting him.

"By the miracle that follows men in just such predicaments, he got away with his life, thanks to his chain mail, but he was badly wounded, and when he reached his own men he fell in a dead faint, and didn't know anything for two weeks.

"When he recovered his senses it was to find that his wife had died in a hysterical fit and the boy had been killed by the brigands, or that portion of them left after Garcia's force had finished with them and driven them back into the mountains. That ended the brigand business in that vicinity for good and all, but Garcia himself went about for a long time so sad and brokenhearted that all that his grateful fellow-citizens and the country at large could do for him seemed to have but little effect.

"After ten years the shadow had been dispelled somewhat and he married again, and though he had a fine wife and good children he could not forget the others, and for forty-five years no man had ever seen him smile, although he was always gentle and kind and good."

COLD BATHING IN THE MORNING.—Cold bathing in the early morning is beneficial only to those persons who have sufficient vital energy and nervous force to ensure good reaction, with no subsequent languor or lassitude. Many persons who are greatly refreshed by their morning bath feel tired or languid two or three hours after it. When this occurs, it is conclusive evidence against the practice.

Persons who have an abundance of blood and flesh, who are lymphatic or sluggish in temperament, and whose nervous force is not depleted, can take the cold morning bath to advantage. Others who are inclined to be thin in flesh, whose hands and feet become cold and clammy on slight provocation, who digest food slowly and assimilate it with difficulty, who are nervous, and who carry large mental burdens, should avoid early morning bathing.

For all such the bath at noonday or before retiring at night is far more desirable, and it should be followed by rest of body and brain till equable conditions of circulation are re-established. Some individuals who are weak in nervous power have such excitable peripheral nerves that they get at once a perfect reaction from cool bathing, but lose in after-effects more than the value of the bath. This class of persons should not bathe too often, and should always use tepid water, choosing the time preferably before retiring.

Scientific and Useful.

LOOKING GLASSES.—Clean looking-glasses when smeary with a little methylated spirit, and then polish with a leather.

ALUM.—A compress of cotton saturated with a solution of alum, where excessive hæmorrhage follows the extraction of a tooth, will be found serviceable. Its effects are powerful, but entirely safe.

OIL OF TOBACCO.—The oil of tobacco found in the stems of the long-used pipes, or obtained by distillation at a red heat, is one of the most active and powerful poisons known to the chemist. A single drop will often cause death in the case of a dog or cat.

BOOK COVERS.—A patent has been issued on an invention which promises to revolutionize the methods of pasting covers on books, magazines and pamphlets. No machine with such a scope as this one is at present in use, and Dr. Lewis places the worth of his mechanical discovery at $100,000.

CIRCULATION.—In about twenty-two seconds a drop of blood goes the round of the body. In about every two minutes the entire blood in the body makes the round through the right side of the heart, the lungs, to the left side of the heart, through the arteries, the veins, again to the heart.

SUNLIGHT.—Seek the sunlight is the advice of all present-day hygienists. Patients on the sunny side of the hospital ward recover soonest. The person who always walks on the sunny side of the street outlives his shade-seeking brother by ten years. Sleep in rooms where the sun had shed his rays all day. Bask in the sun all you can.

SILVERSMITHS.—Silversmiths now counsel their patrons to keep fine table silver in cotton flannel rather than in wool. The explanation is that the woollen flannels hitherto commonly employed for this purpose are treated in the course of their production with sulphur, and enough of the latter clings to the flannel to tarnish the metal when it is kept in flannel bags.

Farm and Garden.

DISEASE.—It is a sure way to have disease among the hogs when they must rely upon slop as drinking water. They require pure water the same as do other animals, and when deprived of it will not thrive.

FODDER.—There is certain to be a revolution in fodder feeding, and it is folly not to make more of it in our calculations than heretofore. It will be more cleanly eaten up and more easily digested than timothy hay, and much more of it can be grown on the acre. It alone will pay for the tillage of the cornfield.

SOWS.—A good breeding sow is worth keeping until five or six years old, and, in fact, so long as she lives she is hardly past the age when she will bring profitable litters; but a sow grown old is apt to become breachy or get a taste for chicken meat, or acquire some other bad habit which makes one glad to get rid of her.

MILK AND CREAM.—Never let milk or cream freeze. Not that it is impossible to make good butter from it after it has been frozen, but it requires special treatment, and you will not give it, so your only safety is in keeping it from freezing. On the other hand, be careful about overheating cream. Not that it cannot be heated to 100 with impunity, and even with profit in some cases, but special treatment is required, and you must learn how to handle it or fail. So guard against extremes of temperature.

GRAIN.—It usually happens that the failure in grass and clover seeding in a field is usually on the elevated parts which are generally the dryest. Top dressing these with stable manure will often insure a catch. If the land is sandy or gravelly an addition of potash may be needed with the manure to insure a growth of clover. There is much less washing of manure thus used as top dressing than there would be of the soil if the manure were not used. Rains fall on the manure, so that the water sinks into it. If they fall on bare soil they harden the surface so that more water washes down the hill, forming gullies and carrying away part of the surface soil.

ASTHMATIC TROUBLES AND SORENESS OF THE Lungs or Throat are usually overcome by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant—a sure curative for Colds. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative.

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On Sensitiveness.

To what extent is sensitiveness a thing to be desired? Most of us think well of it; but, in truth, it is a quality that must be held in the golden mean or its effect is woeful. A too tender sensitiveness places a man at almost as great a disadvantage as if he were thick-skinned. In either case the man's friends suffer; but the over-sensitive man himself suffers worst of all, while the obtuse, dull, reckless person without nerves is saved by his constitution from knowing how much pain he is causing.

Between them, these over-sensitive people who are always being wounded and the under-sensitive people who are always wounding contrive to manufacture out of nothing a large share of the world's minor troubles. Bogus fears, avoidable misunderstandings, accidental soreness, how they ruffle what might otherwise be our peace!

And the self-inflicted laceration that results from undue sensitiveness is probably a growing evil, a penalty of spreading education, modern progress, and the facilities afforded for learning how to think and feel.

There was a time when life was slow, dull, regulated, well known, and when fancy had but little training. Now we are taught to be introspective, to seek to enjoy our own play of character; fresh wants are created, new aspirations implanted, finer sentiments fostered, and most of us become egotists, self-students, sensitive, ready to luxuriate perhaps in manufactured forms of mild misery. It is a subject on which a word of warning may be fitly uttered.

There is a form of sensitiveness which is almost entirely physical. It is seen in those who cannot be comfortable when they are doing anything unusual. If they talk to people whom they have not known before, they are awkward and fumbling, like the man who is doing fresh work to which his muscles have not become accustomed. They are bashful, diffident, uneasy, and cannot do themselves justice.

Sometimes this shrinking from the unusual is due to modesty of opinion; the sufferers from sensitiveness really think that they are not clever, attractive, or accomplished enough to appear to advantage by the side of others whom they admire. Or it is due to keen nervous sensibility—any direct notice causing them to quail as a delicate eyeball shrinks from a glare of light.

A great deal of the irritation of sore sensitiveness, either fanciful or nervous, arises between people who have a deep sense of trust in each other and often of affection. If the questions that serve to excite momentary friction were to be really tried, there would not be a doubt as to the result.

The wife knows that the husband is really very kind, and yet she worries him about little things as if he were remiss. Too seldom do we come to a settled state and immovable resolution that there shall be unruffled peace and trust between us which not only cannot be stirred to its depths by tempests, but cannot be ruffled on the surface by chance breezes.

Very often the cure for the bogus troubles that are made by the fancy of over-sensitive people is found in the coming of real trouble. After playing the part of objects of pity, the character has to be borne in truth, and then the pranks of a merely dramatic unhappiness are forgotten. Who does not know people whose affected troubles are proofs that they never had genuine difficulties to combat?

Far worse than the blundering people who offend the sensitive without knowing what they do are the few who take a delight in practising on the feelings of those who have a highly-strung nervous organization. The love of torture which is so horribly recognizable in boys who have not had our original savagery tamed clings in modified forms to multitudes of grown-up people.

Sometimes it is glossed over and socially sanctified by common agreement among those who practise it, sometimes it takes the form of picking at any mental sore from which those to whom we talk are known to be suffering. Is there a hidden and sacred sorrow on the mind of man or woman, then to a certainty some of his or her acquaintances will try to drag it into the light. Sometimes a delight in chafing the sensitive nature takes the form of banter.

Ridicule is the favorite weapon of people who are proud of their cleverness and who get a pleasure out of the pain which the sensitive feel when they are baited. Who has not seen a quick-witted and an unscrupulous man goading the most sensitive and confused in the company, and enjoying his embarrassment?

The tortures of children under ridicule are especially acute. The intellectual bully who domineers over those who are less alert deserves the same punishment as the bully who relies on the less subtle superiority of muscle. Delicacy of feeling and modesty are too often the swaggering coward's opportunity. But sensitive people who have as a consolation the thought that with a capacity for feeling pain readily is often associated a keen susceptibility to pleasurable influences.

It is indeed only the sensitive man or woman that can engage in the most delicate character play, in which more is said than words can convey and spirit communes with spirit without spelling out its message in the poor terms of speech.

The well-balanced character is not only alert to all the human influences that play around it, but is at the same time not easily stirred to deep excitement. It is the weak man who registers every change in the social atmosphere and is upset by it.

The "gentlemen unafraid" are as delicately strung, and yet are not so cheaply affected; and so they are often able to see the fears and fancies and suspicions of those who are over-sensitive and not adequately endowed with a cool judgment, and they ease the friction which ensues. The happiest combination is sensitiveness and strength of character.

Oh, you who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year, meaning to clear them up some day; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you cannot make up your mind that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing men sullenly upon the street, not speaking to them out of some silly spite, and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard that one of those men were dead to-morrow morning; you who are letting your neighbor starve, till you hear that he is dying of starvation; or letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy which you mean to give some day—if you only could know and see and feel, all of a sudden, "the time is short," how it would break the spell! How you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do!

I believe that all will one day feel, more or less, that to know the earth on which we live, and the laws of it by which we live, is a sacred duty to ourselves, to our children after us, and to all whom we may have to command and to influence; ay, and a duty to God likewise. For is it not an act of common reverence and faith towards Him, if He has put us into a beautiful and wonderful place, and given us faculties by which we can see, and enjoy, and use that place—is it not a duty of reverence and faith towards Him to use those faculties, and to learn the lessons which He has laid open for us?

Perhaps neither those who love and court responsibility for its own sake and for the power it confers nor those who for any reason constantly avoid and refuse it have a very true estimate of its real value in the world. It is neither a prize to be sought nor a burden to escape from; it is not an end in itself, but a means to a much higher end. One of the most important of its functions, and one that is most emphasised, is its influence on character. It not only demands a preparation and fitness in those who undertake it—it also prepares and fits them for life.

What we are is even more truly our own than what we know. The habits we have formed, the qualities we possess, the tendencies of our own minds, the desires of our souls, the affections we feel, the moral power we wield—these are indeed possessions which are ours for ever. They not only cannot be taken away from us, but they accumulate in strength and force with every exercise.

The very difficulties of life, of which we are so apt to complain, are converted into the means of that discipline, that self-improvement, which is the great end of life. Let a man's present desires be met and satisfied without any exertion on his part, and he will be content to remain as he is. Progress is the child of struggle, and struggle is the child of difficulty.

There is much goodness in the world, although at a superficial glance one is disposed to doubt it. What is bad is noised abroad, is echoed back from side to side, and newspapers and the social circles find much to say about it; whilst what is good goes at best, like sunshine, quietly through the world.

Every man is a tamer of wild beasts, and these wild beasts are his passions. To draw their teeth and claws, to muzzle and tame them, to turn them into servants and domestic animals, fuming perhaps, but submissive—in this consists personal education.

Very few people set themselves to do two things well; yet surely a healthful and active life ought to accomplish this, and, to the young especially, entering life full of enthusiasm and hope, it is worthy of consideration.

In the pettiest character there are unfathomable depths, which the poet, all-seeing though he may pretend to be, can never analyse, but must only dimly guess at, and still more dimly sketch them by the actions they beget.

If you want to be miserable think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, and what people think of you.

If there is a grace that we are all stingy with, it is that of giving praise, and yet it is one with which we ought to be lavish.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

Anxious.—The dead languages are those such as Greek and Latin, which are no longer spoken by any nation.

T. S. L.—The Turks are not essentially Tartars or Mongols, as are the men of Turkestan. The original Osmanli were Arabs, and as they swarmed over Northern Africa they were known as Moors. The Arabs also overran what is now the Holy Land and Asia Minor, but were there known as the Osmanli and Saracens, and, later, as Turks.

S. J.—Eros is the Greek name for Cupid and love. Anteros is, in mythology, the god of mutual love. Mythology says that as soon as Eros was grown up his mother bore Anteros to Mars, a fiction which indicates that love must be mutual. According to some modern interpreters, however, Anteros is supposed to be the enemy of love, or the god of antipathy.

E. D. G.—Freedmen was the designation of manumitted slaves in Roman antiquity, but they were not genuine citizens, and remained under certain obligations to their masters. They wore a cap as a sign of freedom, and took the names of their previous owners. The sons of the freedmen became real citizens. In the United States the term freedmen denotes the colored people emancipated by the civil war.

P. C.—To make ginger ale, take of refined sugar three pounds; bruised Jamaica ginger, two ounces; cream of tartar, one ounce; sliced lemons, from two to four, boiling water, four gallons; yeast, eight ounces. Pour the water on the first four ingredients, then strain, and add the yeast. When fermentation has continued for a few hours, bottle. The corks must be secured with twine or wire, and the bottles laid on their sides in a cool place. If the directions given be closely followed, the ale will be fit to drink within twelve hours after bottling.

B. C. B.—Catacombs are found in almost every country in which soft and easily excavated rocks exist, and in most cases probably originated in mere quarries which afterwards came to be used either as burial-places for the dead, or as hiding-places for the living. The most celebrated catacombs in existence are those on the Appian Way at a short distance from the city of Rome. To these dreary crypts, which consist of long narrow galleries, usually about eight feet wide and five feet broad, twisting and turning in all directions, it is believed the early Christians were in the habit of retiring to celebrate their new worship in times of persecution, and in them were buried many of the saints and martyrs of the primitive church. The catacombs in Paris are a species of charnel-houses into which the contents of such burying-places as were found to be pestilential and the bodies of some of the victims of the revolution of 1792 were cast.

P. P.—Obviously the first question for you to decide is as to whether your voice has the qualities and possibilities that would ensure success. Getting on the stage would be a later consideration, and would depend largely upon other charms besides a good voice. An experienced writer dealing with this question says, "Cleverness, imagination, sympathy, grace of carriage, clearness of utterance, the power to turn the abstract into the concrete, and a certain personal magnetism—these are but a few of the qualifications which go to make up a good actress." A good voice alone will not carry you far on the stage. To test the quality of your voice, make an appointment on business terms—for you have no right to use a professional man's time without payment—with one of the most experienced musical conductors in your town. Tell him of your ambition and ask him for a frank opinion. There are several well-known men in your musical city who are fully competent to give you a decisive opinion, and to add to it just the advice that you need.

R. C. G.—Self-control is the highest moral power man or woman can possess, and you ask us how you can acquire it. Our reply must necessarily be so far unsatisfactory that we must limit it to a reference to an adage as old as language and a sense of individuality and personal responsibility. And that is, "Heaven helps those who help themselves." Human beings are endowed with certain faculties, and upon the right use of them depends their welfare. Therefore we apprehend that to rise to the dignity of self-control there should in the first instance be an exact observance of the laws of bodily health. The instincts and the passions should neither be overfed nor starved. There is much wisdom in knowing what to eat, drink, and avoid. The man who can duly regulate one appetite will find all the others easier to manage. Having thus the house of the machinery of conduct in good order, the second and higher effort, to give to the latter a legitimate direction, must obviously be through the analogous process of readily distinguished between the right and the wrong. That is the object of education, indeed of all moral legislation; so that however much men and women may be taught, they have much more to teach themselves, and that teaching must come from and through their own strong will and purpose. Practically, therefore, no one can have self-control, unless it is self-acquired. And the preliminary in helping one's-self is the self preservation of the health of the body. A familiar physiological illustration contains some of the pith of the argument. What are called the motiferous nerves are supposed to convey the commands of the will; now how can they perform that duty well, or at all, if the body in which they are lodged be in a morbid condition? You might as well expect a dirty watch to go as well as a clean one.

THE LIFE ABOVE.

BY E. J. W.

Queen of my heart, with shining brow,
Beautiful, true, and gentle thou—
Pure as the breath of the virgin morn,
When the holy hush of night has gone,
And, as pale stars wane in an opal sky,
The flush of new-born day draws nigh.

With crimson lips like a folded rose,
Eyes that can weep for another's woes,
A hand whose clasp no doubting feels,
But oh, how softly my heart it steals!
And hence, love's captive, in chains I stand,
Mute to the pow'r of that gentle hand.

Darling! whisper one word to me—
For my being's wholly one with thee;
Let pleasure in life once more be found,
Let thy sweet lips heal this self-made wound;
And teach me, guide me—oh, help me, love,
Through thee to hope for the life above.

An Atonement.

BY B. M.

I WAS twenty-four, and unmarried; worse still, I had no prospect of marriage—a dreadful state of things at the period of which I write. Fifty odd years ago single women of four and-twenty were considered in a fair way of being "laid on the shelf." There was nothing then for girls to do but to marry; there were no lady doctors, nurses, or writers, no sisters, except in the Roman Catholic Church. No; they either "settled" at a certain age or were labelled "old maid"—quite a title of degradation then. Nowadays, they tell me, there are no old maids.

However, a prosy old woman's opinions about the state of affairs then will not be interesting to any one. It was a story I was asked to tell, and here is one.

I ought to be ashamed of myself, for I am going to begin with a confession. I once told a falsehood, and a very black one too. I was twenty four, as I said, and I had no sweetheart. I will not go so far as to say that I never had a proposal, for there was once—— But that is neither here nor there.

At the time at which I am writing my father, the Rector of Castletown, had been dead many years; my brothers and sisters were all married, and I, who was the youngest of our large family, was the only one left to my dear mother. She, dear soul, looked upon me as a child, and she used to say—

"Betty, my dear, I suppose you'll be for marrying some day; but I hope it will not be in my time."

Privately, I believed firmly that I was cut out for a single life, for, strange to say, I had never been in love—never, until our young curate, Stephen Beaumont, came to live at Castletown, and then—— Well, I am not going to tell what I thought of him—rhapsodies were never in my line, and at my time in life they would be unbecoming in the highest degree—so it will be enough to say that we soon became very friendly.

He and my mother took to each other at once, more particularly because he and my youngest brother Godfrey, the next in age to myself, had been great friends at college, and she, of course, was always pleased when the conversation turned on him, as it often did; for Godfrey was her favorite son, and at the time of which I write had a chaplaincy abroad, at Cannes, which, to my mother's fancy, was as remote as if it had been in Central America; and she treasured up all his little sayings and doings almost as she would have done if he had been dead and buried.

Mr. Beaumont was very indulgent to her in this respect; and indeed it was the kindness with which he seemed to enter into her feelings, and either listened or talked about Godfrey to please her, that first drew me to him, I think, even more than his manly eloquence in the pulpit or his self-denying labors for the good of the parish—an unusual thing in those days, when religion, it must be confessed, was a Sunday article.

Mother soon began to see in him a striking resemblance to her dear absent Godfrey. I cannot say that I discerned it myself; but I did not contradict her in this idea, because I knew it was the highest compliment she could pay Mr. Beaumont; for Godfrey, was the handsomest of the family in her opinion, and certainly was a fine well-built young man enough, though in my opinion, not for a moment to be compared to Mr. Beaumont.

Our curate had been at Castletown for about four months when a letter came one day from my eldest brother John, who was a physician in London, to ask mother if it would be convenient for her to receive his daughter Charlotte for a few weeks. The girl had outgrown her strength, he said, and was generally ailing; but in his opinion, she required only some of our fresh country air to brace her up.

Castletown has always been reckoned a very healthy place. It is only ten miles from the sea, on the East Coast, and is lively too, by reason of its being a garrison town, and likewise on account of the numerous country seats all round it.

Of course mother wrote at once to say how delighted we should be to have "dear little Lottie;" and I, who had seen her last three years before, when she was a rather gawky schoolgirl, with nothing particular to say for herself, was agreeably excited by the thought of a visitor. Mother's health would not allow her to mix in society, and sometimes I thought we were a little too quiet, and felt that I was getting dreadfully selfish, simply through never having my will crossed.

Dear mother agreed to everything I liked, and, seeing in me the sole representative of all her happy past, she fairly idolised me; so that I often thought I was exempt from the cares and trials of life upon which our Rector used to expatiate on Sunday afternoon, when, to be sure, most of his congregation went to sleep.

It was arranged that John himself should bring Lottie and stay with us for a few days, and that Lottie should remain at Castletown for at least three months, to give the dear child, mother said, a fair chance of recruiting her health. That was in the year 1837, when people had to travel long distances by coach, and a journey from London to Castletown was a work of time.

On the afternoon of Saturday, the 3rd of July, John and Lottie arrived. Lottie was wrapped in a dust-cloak, and a green veil almost hid her face; but I decided in my own mind that she was the same gawky schoolgirl, and as uninteresting-looking as when I had last seen her.

Of course mother was in raptures with her dear grandchild, and I was as civil as I thought necessary. I took my niece into the neat little pink-and-white bed room which had been made ready for her, promised to send her warm water, and to let her know when tea was ready, and then left her.

Punctual with the urn and tea tray, Lottie made her appearance—but such a Lottie! The ugly duckling transformed indeed into a swan—tall, fragile, elegant, in her simple muslin gown—her hair, which I thought I remembered to have been of a sandy shade, ripened into veritable gold—a lovely contrast to her dark velvety eyes—the sickly complexion changed to perfect fairness, a bright flush of excitement on her face!

For the first time in my life, a sharp pang of jealousy shot through me, for, woman-like, as I looked at Lottie, my thoughts flew to Stephen Beaumont. Beauty-worshipper as he was, how could he see such a creature without surrendering to her charms?

I soon found that besides her beauty she had other attractions—a natural grace of attitude and movement, a sweet voice, a pretty gaiety, and perfect self-possession of manner; so that at seventeen she seemed at once a child and a woman of the world.

In any other circumstances all this would have been pleasant enough to me—for I hope I was no worse than other women, and I have always detested envy; but now it was not so.

It was very wicked, I know, but, oh, how fervently I wished, as I sat and looked and listened, that there had been no chance of Stephen's ever seeing her, or, at least, that he might have seen her only in the disfiguring wrap and ugly green veil!

After tea she sang, accompanying herself on our old piano; her voice had been highly trained, and promised to be a beautiful soprano.

First, to please mother, she sang some of her favorite ballads; then, at her father's request, she astonished us by breaking out into an Italian bravura; after that, she trilled one of the pretty French chansons which she had picked up in her school at Paris, and finally she sang one of the love-songs of the day, so sweetly and pathetically that, but for the shame of the thing, I would have cried.

In short, my little niece fairly took away my breath, and, if the truth must be told, I more than once caught myself in the act of mentally consigning her to the bottom of the sea.

It must be remembered, as an excuse for my unchristian-like feelings that I was seriously in love for the first time in my life; besides, though I was nice enough in my own way, I was no beauty, and I knew it, and, though I could sing to please mother, my little attempts sank into complete insignificance beside Charlotte's performances.

I suppose I need not say that I went to bed in a very bad frame of mind that night—indeed it was long before I could sleep. The "green-eyed monster" perched himself on my pillow, whispering all sorts of malicious remarks in my ears, and the more I tried to shake him off the more pertinacious he became. At last, as the church clock struck three, I dropped into a doze, and then I remembered no more until the morning sun was streaming in through the window.

When I went down to breakfast, my niece was already there, looking, as pretty as ever, though the color in her cheeks was now faint, and her dark eyes were pensive and almost sad.

"Have you a headache, dear aunt Elizabeth?" she said, as she rose to kiss me. "Your eyes are heavy, like mamma's are when she has one of her worst sort of headaches. Stay—let me get you my eau-de-Cologne—that always does her good." And she flitted from the room, and presently returned with a pretty silver flask, a present from one of her old school friends—Adele Duval, she told me—and, feeling the most ungrateful wretch that ever existed, I bathed my eyes and forehead to please her, and certainly I felt somewhat refreshed.

After breakfast we all went to church, John apparently thinking that in the country he must do as the natives did, mother, who never missed church, wet or dry, dry, leaning on his arm, in a state of intense pride and gratification, for Doctor John Martin ranked high as a consulting physician.

I followed with Charlotte, who wore a bewildering pretty dress of pink and fawn, bearing an unmistakable Paris stamp, and a shady-looking gipsy bonnet of Leghorn straw, trimmed with a garland of pea-blossoms.

As for me, I was all in black, though it was unusual then except for declared old ladies; but then, as I said to myself, I was old by the side of this flower-like beauty, and I felt a grim pleasure in thinking that I served as a foil to her youthful charms.

The familiar words of the old church service soothed me, as they always have done in times of trouble or distress, and Mr. Beaumont's sermon, which was all about the transitory nature of life, seemed as if it were just preached on purpose to raise my thoughts above myself.

What a contemptible creature I felt as he went on; and yet it did me so much good that when it was over I was quite myself again; and, to escape hearing any remarks about the sermon, I walked home with John, who professed never to listen to sermons of any description, if he happened ever to get inside a church. But for once he had apparently heard something, for he had actually taken a liking to our curate, and went so far as to say that he was a very decent fellow—which from John was high praise indeed.

At dinner mother said—

"Well, Betty, my dear, our good friend Mr. Beaumont has promised to drink tea with us this afternoon; he joined Lottie and me on our way home, and said he should like to make Doctor Martin's acquaintance, and, when I asked him if he would come in to tea, he agreed at once, though, you know, it is a most unusual thing for him to visit on a Sunday. So we owe this favor to you, my dear John."

I suppose John thought he had exhausted the topic of Mr. Beaumont, for he made no answer. Miss Charlotte however made up for her father's silence, and during the rest of the dinner-time talked of nothing else but our curate—his "speaking eyes," his lovely tenor voice, his beautiful hands, his manliness, and his grace, until her father looked at her as if he meditated putting leeches upon her temples and ice upon her head; but, according to his custom, though he looked a good deal, he said nothing.

Mr. Beaumont became more intimate than ever while my pretty niece was an inmate of our house. Scarcely a day passed without our seeing something of him. It is true I was frequently meeting him at the cottages of the poor people in the parish—for, though I was not exactly a district visitor, I had always from a child been in the habit of going about among my dear father's poor parishioners—but, besides this, we somehow or other saw the curate, as I have said, almost every day, and I could see only too plainly how much he and Charlotte admired each other, as indeed was but natural.

Mr. Beaumont had a fine voice, and it became his habit to drop in in the evenings to sing duets with her, while I had the melancholy satisfaction of playing their accompaniments.

Dear mother delighted in music of any kind, and these evenings brightened her quiet life so much that I felt myself a perfect monster for wishing that the curate and Lottie had never crossed each other's path, and I really do not think it ever occurred to her that Stephen Beaumont had any personal feeling in the matter at all. To her he was simply Godfrey's friend, who took pleasure in our society for Godfrey's sake, and Lottie was merely a good little girl, well up in her music; for, strange to say, mother never appeared to realise her grandchild's singular beauty and attractiveness.

As for me, I was hourly endeavoring to resign myself to the situation. Lottie was thoroughly amiable—my perceptive faculties, sharpened by love, soon convinced me of that; and, although I could not say I thought she was clever, her tastes were more cultivated than was usual in those days, so that, I was constantly reminding myself, she was not altogether unworthy even of him. For who could be entirely worthy of him? Not I, I knew; and with the knowledge came by degrees something which, if I had then read Tennyson, I should have called "divine despair."

But the "Princess" was not written at that time, I believe; or, if it was, I knew nothing about it. Mother use to grumble at me, I remember, because at this period I dressed in black or very dark colors. I don't know exactly why I did so, except that I suppose it suited the state of my feelings.

The dear old lady would have it that I was out of health, and she insisted on my drinking some strengthening medicine which she herself concocted from an old recipe of her grandmother's, and which she delighted in trying to prevail upon people to take on the slightest pretext. Lottie tried it at her earnest request, but avowed that it was so nasty that it would make her ill. This declaration caused mother to shake her head over the degenerate tastes of the present generation.

But I must hurry on with the story. Well, to make a long tale short, I found, when Lottie had been with us about a month, that a change came over her. Her appetite failed her—mother said it was because she would not take the medicine; the roses faded from her cheeks; and, she would either not sing at all or would sing the most melancholy ditties—all about withered flowers and broken hearts, and maidens pining in despair for the absent one, or standing on the sea-shore watching all day long for a certain sail to appear. She lost all her spirits too; and I, who slept in the next room to hers, sometimes heard her crying in the night when she ought to have been asleep.

With one thing and another, my own nights were rather wakeful at this time; for of course I more than suspected the cause of the poor child's unhappiness, and I began to think that our good Rector spoke no more than the truth when he said that crosses and trials were the common lot of man here below.

Sometimes I used to get quite angry with Mr. Beaumont for being so cheerful and bright, and I thought, "Why does he not put an end to all this, and tell her he loves her? Then, at all events, they will be happy, and, perhaps, when it is all over——"

But I am afraid my philosophy failed me at this point, for every day brought some fresh proof of his goodness and worthiness to be loved, and it became a sorrowful pleasure to me to know that, whatever happened, I should always have him for a friend, though it was not so easy to picture him as Lottie's husband.

Mother was more struck than ever by his close resemblance to Godfrey, and, as poor little Lottie, she gave up talking about him at all in his absence—a very bad sign—and she would turn all manner of colors whenever his name was mentioned.

However, "the crisis"—as the novelists would say—came at last. One morning, as we were at breakfast, a little note came to mother from Mr. Beaumont, stating that, as he was going away for a six weeks' holiday, and, owing to an unexpected arrangement, was to leave Castletown that day, he should not have the pleasure of seeing her in the evening, according to her kind invitation. This was when Charlotte had been with us for eight weeks; consequently, when he returned, she would be gone.

According to custom, I read the letter aloud to mother, not without great inward

trepidation, though I managed to keep my voice steady. Something was said at the end about "kind remembrance to the young ladies," and that was all. But, looking across at Charlotte as I finished, I saw, to my dismay, that she had hidden her face in her hands, and, in the silence that followed, she rose quickly and left the room.

"Run after her, love," said mother—"but stay—take this cordial, and make her drink it! The poor child is overcome by the heat, no doubt; I noticed her white looks when she came down to breakfast. If she would but be advised by me, I"

That was all I heard. I snatched up the cordial which mother had produced from her medicine cupboard, and hastened after Lottie to her room; for I knew that it was useless to pretend ignorance any longer. As I expected, I found her sobbing and crying hysterically; but, after I had made her take some of the cordial—which was really very nice—she became quieter. Then I said desperately—

"Now, dear child, tell aunt Betty what you are crying about so dreadfully. Is it because Mr. Beaumont is going away?"

"N-o-o, aunt!" sobbed Lottie.

"What is it then, my love?" I said, putting my arm round her.

"It is because—— Oh, how cruel, how cruel!"—and here the sobs became more violent than before. Then, after awhile, she looked up at me with her poor little tear-stained face, and said—"Oh, aunt Elisabeth, to think that he should have gone like this, without—without—— And he knows—he knows——"

"He knows that you will be gone before he comes back," I said.

Lottie interrupted me by suddenly screaming, and I was obliged to have recourse to the cordial again.

Alas, there was no need to ask any more questions—the child's pitiful secret was out!

I was sitting in miserable silence, with Lottie's head resting on my shoulder, when she spoke again.

"Aunt Betty dear, have you ever loved any one?"

"Yes, Lottie," said I, from the bottom of my heart.

"Oh, I am so glad, dear," said she; "because now you can pity me! Will you tell me, dear aunt, what you think it means? I must talk about it now, or else I think I shall go mad!"

"Has Mr. Beaumont ever given you reason to think that—that he cares for you, Lottie?" I asked, every word I uttered giving me a sharp pang; and I am ashamed even now to think how eagerly I listened for her answer.

It came at last, in broken sentences—

"Oh, you know, dear—— How can I say? Sometimes I have thought—he was always so kind. And then—how often he used to come in and sing with me—almost every evening! That is what men do if they care for a girl before they tell her so. And then how attentive he has been! And once—once he called me 'Lottie.' And just think how he persuaded you and grannie and me to drive down to the sea with him; and then, again, he would take us to see the ruins; and he brought us tickets for the concert, you know, and all. And you know, I have heard grannie say how very kind and friendly he has been—more than ever during the last two weeks. But, oh, don't think, pray, that he ever made love to me, or pressed my hand, or looked at me in any particular way! Oh, no; he's above all that sort of thing, you know! And that's just why I—— But, oh, dear aunt Betty, I hope you'll never, never know what it is to be as wretched as I am now!"

While the poor child's little story was being told, I was reviewing the last eight weeks rapidly in my mind. Yes—there could be no doubt about it—Stephen loved her, and was leaving Castletown from motives of honor and discretion.

When she had finished, I said—

"You know, dear Lottie, Mr. Beaumont is a poor man. No—don't interrupt me, darling! He's highly connected, I know, but he is the younger son of a comparatively impoverished family, and you, my dear, are a little heiress, being an only child. Now I can't say, of course, but I think it possible that this may have something to do with his apparently negligent treatment of you just now; for, as you say, he was remarkably kind and friendly. Even suppose he is heart-whole now, he may think it wise to break off an intimacy which might end in something warmer than friendship. But now my dear little Lottie must be a woman. Don't distress grannie by letting her see you out of spirits. Above all, rest assured that there is some wise and kind reason for whatever may appear troublesome and distressing now."

I forget what else passed between us, but I know my little niece was immensely consoled by the thought that Mr. Beaumont had not left her because he was utterly indifferent to her, and by dinner-time she was almost in her usual spirits again, or, at least, was sufficiently composed to deceive grannie completely, and make her congratulate herself on the restorative effects of her cordial.

The next few weeks passed away rapidly, and Lottie played her part bravely—dropped the melancholy love-songs, sang read, and chatted for grannie's delight—took long walks with me through the shortening autumn days, and went in and out among our poor people, "as welcome as the flowers of May," they told her. But, when we were alone together, she would become silent and thoughtful, and at such times a far-away look would steal into her eyes, which I knew only too well.

About a week before the time fixed for return to London however, a letter came from my sister-in-law, saying that John had been suffering from influenza, which was then prevailing in a very serious form. The complaint had left him, she said, in a state of great weakness, and it was necessary for him to go to the South Coast for change of air. In the circumstances could we kindly keep Lottie a little longer? They would probably be away for a month.

Of course we could! I wrote to Mary at once, begging her to let the child remain with us until Christmas—the Castletown air had quite restored her strength, I said. When I signed my name, I remember a curious feeling coming over me, as if I were signing my own death-warrant.

Mother was only too glad to have Lottie, for she was really a most lovable girl; and to me, the secret sense I had of a fellowship of suffering with her had made her indescribably dear. How she brightened as the time drew nearer for Stephen Beaumont to come back!

It was one evening at the end of October, and we were drinking tea with the Rector's wife, Mrs. Chilhurst. Small tea-parties were the only form of dissipation in which mother indulged; as I said before, she had no taste for general society, but she liked to meet her old friends in what she called "a sociable way;" and they liked to have her with them, for no one at Castletown was more popular and beloved than the widow of the "old Rector," as he was always called, both on his account and her own.

Of course we were a very sober little party, all old but Lottie, hardly even excepting myself, though on that occasion mother had insisted on my dressing myself suitably to my appearance, as she said. To please her, I had put on an evening-gown of pink silk, cut low at the neck, as the fashion was, a lace kerchief fastened with a bunch of crimson roses, and a spray of the same flowers in my hair, which was not golden, like Lottie's, but chestnut-brown. As for Lottie, she was lovelier than ever in one of her Parisian frocks of the shade known as *rose de the*, a light scarf of tulle embroidered with gold, and pretty gold filigree ornaments.

After tea, which was a serious and substantial meal, enjoyed in a proper way around a Pembroke table, we had music—that is, Lottie and I were called upon to "oblige" the company.

While Lottie was singing "Love Not," the drawing-room door opened and Mr. Chilhurst walked in, followed by Stephen Beaumont. At first Lottie did not see him; but when the last sweet note of the song had vibrated into silence, she turned and found that he was standing close beside her. Poor child! She grew quite pale, and I really feared that she was going to faint; but she recovered herself wonderfully, and greeted him with perfect friendly cordiality, with just a touch of stateliness which was very becoming to her.

I came in for my share of his attention too; but when the first pleasant excitement was over, I could not but notice that he was graver and more thoughtful-looking than he had been before he went away—he even looked care-worn, I fancied. That, as was natural, was owing to the struggle in his mind betwixt love and duty.

Three other gentlemen came in a little later—old Sir John Paget, his son Richard, a handsome man of about Mr. Beaumont's age, and his friend, Captain Graham, from the barracks.

The elders of the party soon settled themselves for a quiet rubber, the younger ones surrounded the piano, and I was kept busy playing for them while they sung duets and trios. Then I had to sing an Italian song which Charlotte had taught me, with Mr. Paget as my second, while Captain Graham played the accompaniment; and, as Italian music was not so general as it is now, we won perhaps more applause than we deserved, and the Captain, who was a very polite young man indeed, paid me some high-flown compliments, which were so absurdly out of place that I could hardly refrain from laughing. Mr. Beaumont however looked grave enough; such fulsome flatteries were not to his taste.

Mother generally went home before supper on these occasions; but she was persuaded to stay for once, and I think her pleasure in seeing Stephen Beaumont again prevailed over her prudent objections to hot suppers and late hours—for in those days ten o'clock was considered a late hour.

She was "led in" to the dining-room by the Rector; I fell to Captain Graham's share, and Lottie to Richard Paget's. Stephen Beaumont had to make himself amiable to old Miss Anne Devereux, a maiden lady of about eighty, who was totally deaf and always talked about her dear sister Caroline, who had been dead for fifty years; and, as she required only a passive and an irresponsive listener, Stephen contented himself with seeing that she had all she wanted. As fate would have it, he was just opposite to Lottie, and I observed, as the time passed, how the shadow seemed to deepen on his face; for Mr. Paget was a very good talker, especially when he was favored with a pretty listener.

The next morning, after calling on one of our poor sick people, I went for a long walk; for I had had a feverish and restless night, and I have always found a good walk soothing to my nerves. The sweet autumn air braced me and refreshed me, and, hardly thinking where I was going, I bent my steps towards the Castle Hill, where stood the ruins from which our town took its name.

There was a pretty dell at the bottom of the hill which was a favorite retreat of mine, and I sat down on a mossy trunk, with the red and golden leaves of the departed summer all round me, enjoying the rest and the almost breathless stillness. Above me, through the interlacing branches of the trees, were the venerable remains of the ancient Saxon Castle overgrown with ivy. As I am speaking, I seem to see it again; it stands out like a land-mark in my memory.

All at once the silence was broken by the song of a robin, which was perched on one of the bare boughs above my head. Foolish old woman that I am, I never hear the redbreast's strains nowadays without feeling as though it were repeating the story of that long-ago autumn morning! As I listened, there came into my mind some lines from a new volume of sacred poetry, written by the Reverend Mr. Keble, which Stephen Beaumont had brought to my notice—

"Sweet messenger of calm decay,
Saluting sorrow as you may,
As one still bent to find or make the best,
In thee, and in this quiet mead,
The lesson of sweet peace I read,
Rather in all to be resigned than blest."

The tender words soothed me and seemed to interpret to me the meaning of that tranquil day, with its "withered hues," so beautiful in death, the crumbling ruins, and the sad smile of the autumn sun.

I do not know how long I had sat listening and musing; but, when I raised my eyes, I saw Mr. Beaumont standing at a little distance earnestly regarding me. He came near then and seated himself beside me on the fallen tree; and I braced myself to listen to the confession of his love for Lottie—for I felt sure that a more than ordinary purpose had brought him there.

"I followed you," he said; "I saw you in the distance, and I knew where you were coming."

As I ventured to glance up at him then, I was almost startled by the look of intense feeling in his eyes.

"Oh, how he loves her!" I thought; and with that reflection a certain strength seemed to be given me to bear all that was in store for me, for the sake of those two, who were so dear, so worthy to be happy.

"Elizabeth," I heard him say—he had never called me by that name before—"Elizabeth, you must know—you must have seen——"

"Yes, yes," I replied, feeling half in a dream; "I know—I know!"

"And there is some hope for me, then?" he said, in a soft eager tone.

"Yes, dear Mr. Beaumont," said I—for why should I torture him with suspense.

He took my hand as I spoke and held it in a firm close clasp. I felt his eyes on me, but I did not venture to look at him again.

"You will find her at home; go at once, and all success go with you!" I said, withdrawing my hand. But, as he did not move or speak, I added, "Lottie is at home now; go and speak for yourself."

"Lottie? Lottie?" he exclaimed, in a strange voice which did not seem to belong to him. "Elizabeth—Miss Martin, is it possible you can imagine—— It is you whom I love! I think I have loved you from the very first. Elizabeth, is there any hope for me? Can you not love me only a little in return? It is all I will ask from you now."

I do not know how long it was before I answered him; strange to say, the vision of an impossible bliss which for one moment rose upon the horizon of my thoughts faded before the image of a fair young face with wistful eyes that seemed to plead with me not to dash away from its lips the cup of life. I heard once more the faltering confession of my poor child's hopes. I would not listen to the other voice in my heart, which told me that I too loved him, and that I had the right and the power to make him happy. "Besides," I said to myself, "have I not admitted to him that Lottie is not indifferent to him? Shall I leave her to disgrace as well as misery?"

Then—well, perhaps my head was not very clear at this time; the one idea paramount in my mind was that if I sent Stephen away from me I should be the only one to suffer

"For surely," I thought, "now he knows that Lottie cares for him, his heart will turn to her! She has everything on her side—youth, love, grace, and loveliness—and they will soon be happy—entirely happy with each other."

Then my resolution was formed. I rose from my low seat, and looking at Stephen, who had risen also, I said—

"I am very sorry indeed for what has happened, Mr. Beaumont; I have always thought of you as a friend, and I cannot regard you in any other light."

"Do you not love me?" he said; and my eyes dropped before the look I saw in his; but I answered—

"No."

Then he touched my hand, said "Good-bye!" and left me without another word.

I felt very old indeed when I walked homeward about half an hour later, and I went to my room and put on my black gown. How I should have liked to wear a widow's cap too!

Lottie was in great spirits all day; she would keep talking about what had passed during the evening before, and quizzing me about what she called my conquest of Captain Graham; and, to blind her more completely—such a deceitful wretch I was growing!—I pretended to be quite annoyed, as if I took it all to heart.

Then, in the afternoon, Captain Graham, accompanied by Mr. Paget, actually came to call; and Lottie glanced at me with eyes of demure mischief as the gallant soldier sank into a chair by my side and poured all sorts of pretty nothings into my obdurate ears.

We did not ruin the nerves of our guests with afternoon-tea in those days—we offered them wine and cake; and to all appearances we were a very merry party, I suppose, when Mr. Beaumont was suddenly announced.

Stephen looked as I had never seen him look before; his face was pale and set. I saw him give one comprehensive glance at me and my companion; but he greeted us as if nothing had happened, and then went over to my mother's chair by the fire, and I heard him telling her that he had brought her the book that she had wished to see, and had also come to say "Good-bye" again for a little while, as he was going up to London on the Rector's behalf to see about a little legal business connected with the parish.

Soon after he left, our other visitors took their departure too, to my unspeakable relief; and mother said she was tired and thirsty, and wanted her tea.

"And, as for you, Betty," she said, "you look really feverish, my love, with that bright flush in your cheeks and your eyes sparkling like diamonds, and I am sure you will be glad of a cup of tea."

I admitted that I really was in need of that feminine restorative; and Lottie pouted and pretended to feel neglected, and said she was feverish too, though, to speak the truth, I thought I had never seen her look in better health or spirits.

The days slipped away very quietly after this excitement—colorless days they

were to me, unmarked by joy or hope or even by violent grief. I knew the worst now, I thought, that fate had to offer me. I had deliberately put away from me the one true elixir of life; but as yet I had not attained the resignation for which I daily struggled. One drop of sweetness alone was in my cup—I had at least paved the way for Lottie's happiness, and for Stephen's too, surely.

What man could long resist her? I thought, as I fondly watched her, and felt her day by day growing dearer to my troubled heart. When he had recovered from the rude shock which my refusal had given him, his thoughts would turn to her, and he would be more than compensated for what he fancied he had lost.

Like any match making old mother, I lay awake at night making little plots to bring them together; but they all come to the ground, for we very rarely saw Stephen now, except at church, and, when we did meet, he was quite unapproachable in his high-bred courteous kindness.

Dear Lottie acted her part wonderfully, and day by day she seemed to grow prettier and more bewitching. Mother used to lament that parish cares took our dear Mr. Beaumont so much away from us, but my little niece wasted no breath in unavailing regrets.

"She is one of us, after all," I thought—for our family had always been proud and reticent.

Too soon came the week after Christmas—the time fixed for her to leave us. She was to travel to London with an old friend of ours—a Mr. Harcourt—who had business in town. Dear child, she kept up bravely until the last day before her journey, and then she became very silent and went about with a pale and woe-begone little face.

We passed the evening very quietly and sadly, for dear mother was much depressed at the prospect of losing Lottie, and I was glad to retire earlier than usual to my room, and was sitting over the fire in sorrowful meditation, thinking how vain apparently had been the sacrifice of my happiness, when I heard a low knock at my door, and Lottie herself came in softly.

How pretty she was, I remember, with her golden hair falling down over her pale blue dressing-gown, and her sweet April face, half sad, half bright! She sank down upon the rug at my feet and looked at me with a wistful expression in her great brown eyes.

"Dearest," she said, clasping my hand in both her own, "I couldn't go without—You will let me speak to you? I am so happy and so sad to-night!"

"Yes, darling—tell me everything," I said.

"You must have seen," she went on.

"Yes, my love," I said, by way of encouragement, though I felt very much puzzled to know what the child could mean.

"And, oh, aunt Betty, he thinks so much of you!" continued Lottie, smiling and blushing. "He says you are 'the perfect woman, nobly planned,' and he talks about your 'sweet Madonna face. And he likes you in black; he thinks it is distinguished. If you could only hear him! And he says, if I am like you when I am your age, he shall be prouder of me than if I were heir to a throne. Just think of that, aunt Betty! Isn't it enough to make a poor thing jealous? I have tried to be jealous, but I can't, for, oh, he is so fond of me!"

"You—you have had some conversation with him then?" I said, feeling mystified, for I could not imagine when or how Stephen had found an opportunity of meeting her.

"Oh, yes, dear, of course; you know it! There was Sir Richard's dining-party, you know, when Mrs. Chilhurst took us, and there was the school-treat, and the tenants' ball, and the officers' dance, where I went with Mrs. L'Estrange; and Captain Graham went moping and sulking about all the evening because you were not there, and wouldn't dance, though he's the best waltzer in the regiment——"

"Stop, stop, child!" I broke in. "Did you really meet him at the officers' ball?"

"Yes, dear. Didn't you know it? And don't you remember his calling the next day? And that night really settled everything, for we decided then that life without each other would be a waste—a wilderness. And it would—it would, and a hundred million times worse!" And here my little niece burst into a sudden fit of sobbing.

I was very much surprised to hear that Mr. Beaumont had been at the officers' ball, and I thought his new love must have changed him very much if he had really used such language. And then my thoughts went back to the morning in the quiet dell, and I recalled his words, so grave and few, and yet so instinct with life and meaning.

I tried to say something by way of congratulation; but somehow words failed me. I could hardly even rejoice just then that fate had indeed brought them together without my interference; I longed to be alone, to look things in the face.

"You are glad, aren't you, dearest aunt Betty?" said my niece, when she had ceased sobbing. "You know it is all to be straightforward and open. We couldn't help loving each other; but I told him I wouldn't marry him without the consent of our parents on both sides, though it would kill me if—— But he says his father admires me very much, and so——"

"His father admires you, Lottie?" I said. "Why, what does he know of you, my dear?"

"Come, come, aunt Betty—that's too much of a joke!" said the child, laughing a little, and then beginning to cry again, as she laid her soft face on my knee. "Why, you know the dear old man has always made love to me; and we have had some quite long conversations together, and he congratulated me on my good sense, which he says is what he admires in a young female;" and here Lottie giggled rather irreverently. "And Lady Paget kissed me when I went home that night, and said she wished she had a daughter like me; and Richard told me she was very fond of young girls because his sister Maud died when she was about seventeen. That was ten years ago."

"Lady Paget—Richard!" The truth flashed into my brain and made me feel weak and giddy. "It is—it is Richard Paget of whom you are speaking, love?" I said, as indifferently as I could.

"Why, you silly darling, who else should it be?" said Lottie, opening her eyes to the widest extent. "Oh"—with a sudden blush—"I remember now! There was a time when I fancied—— But it seems years ago, and that was a fancy, and not real, true, deep love like this. Yes; I don't say but that I did like Mr. Beaumont very much at that time, and perhaps, if he hadn't gone off in so rude and heartless a way—— But I am so glad of it now; I'm sure it was all for the best; and, aunt Betty, I believe everything is for the best, if we only knew it. And then, you know, Richard, being so kind and friendly just when I wanted sympathy most, was so nice and soothing; and from the very first he gave himself up to me, and had no eyes or ears for any one else, except for you, aunt Betty."

"And for me only because I was 'aunt Betty,'" I said.

How wonderfully happy and light-hearted I felt as I sat there, watching the firelight play over the child's bright hair, with all my plans and hopes for her good lying in ruins!

"Now, Lottie," I said, "you must run away and get a good night's rest."

What a child she looked as she lay for a minute in my arms!

"Dear," she said, almost in a whisper, "I don't know how to leave you. Do you know, you seem to me like my good angel?"

"Ah, my sweet," said I, "that was not permitted to me; Heaven has sent you a better one!"

About three weeks later Lottie left us. A parcel came from Russell Square, where John lived, containing some pretty presents for mother and me, and a letter from Lottie giving me full particulars of her engagement to Richard Paget with the approval of the parents on both sides.

It was a cold January afternoon, I remember, when, having exhausted the contents of the letter, I leaned back in my easy chair looking at the silent white world without; for the snow had fallen heavily, and now a frost had set in and pencilled all the darkening outlines of the street with silver.

A crescent moon was rising above the gables of the opposite houses, and, as I looked, I thought of the "new earth" in which nothing unholy or unlovely should find a place. I was still musing and half dreaming, when some one called me by my name, and I turned and saw Stephen Beaumont standing beside me.

"Forgive me," he said gently; "the firelight revealed to me the fact that you were here, and alone, and I could not resist the temptation of coming in once more to say 'Good bye.' Your servant was standing at the door."

"To say 'Good-bye?' You—you are going away, Mr. Beaumont? But not for long, I hope?"

"Yes; I have decided on accepting a curacy which has been offered to me in a poor part of London."

"But why should you leave us," I said.

"Do you not know?"

"No, indeed. Do tell me, please; let me claim the right of a friend, and be inquisitive."

"You have a right," he said very seriously, "and I will tell you. It is because I cannot stay here for your marriage; I am not so strong as I believed myself to be. At a distance I may be able to think of you calmly and pray for your happiness, but not here—not yet."

"But I am not going to be married, Mr. Beaumont," I said.

"No? I heard to-day that an engagement had been concluded between you and Richard Paget."

"It is my niece Lottie who is engaged to Richard Paget," I said. "See—I have the tidings here in her own handwriting. So, Mr. Beaumont, if you have no better reason for leaving us, you must stay. Just think—what should we all do without you?"

"Have you forgotten the day in the dell?"

"No."

"Do you remember what you told me then?"

"But that was a falsehood."

Then—well, then he gave me absolution.

Were we married, and did we live happy? Yes, we were married, and happy—so happy that all the evening of my life is bright with the reflection of it. Stephen did not leave Castletown, of course; it was not to be thought of.

We went to live in Church Cottage, the residence of the married curates from time immemorial, and only a stone's throw from my old home, so that I was able to see dear mother every day; and six months after our marriage, my sister Mrs. Muirhead, who had been left a widow without children, came to live with her.

Sometimes, when I look back upon the sweet record of our wedded years, I think that my dear husband's goodness and worthiness must have been accepted as an atonement for my shortcomings, for how else could Heaven have granted us such a happy life?

PHYSICAL TRAINING IN SCHOOLS.—For success in life, bodily health is of greater importance than intellectual culture. Energy rules the world. Take two boys, equal in every respect, box one of them up in school from morning till night and from year to year, cultivating his mind at the expense of his body, till his nerves have outgrown his muscles, and his brain has outgrown his stomach; while the other boy receives a fair but equal development of both mind and body—and what is the result in the two cases.

The scholar graduates perhaps with the highest honors, but he leaves college a feeble invalid; intellectual and refined, he shrinks with nervous sensitiveness from the rude shocks of the battle of life.

He is thrust aside in a corner, or trampled under foot in the race. On the other hand, the man who comes forth upon his career in possession of a vigorous constitution, has the backbone, the nerve, the energy, that enable him to win the great battle that every human life is.

His days are filled with healthful and happy activity; his slumbers are sweet at night; his cheerfulness (the natural effect of good digestion) makes his presence a pleasure to all who know him; he becomes the father of healthy offspring, and fills his home with merry voices; in short, fulfils all the purposes of his being, and leads a prosperous, happy, useful, and successful life.

Perhaps we have conceded too much in yielding the palm of intellectual superiority to the mere scholar. The great fact that the time during which the human brain can continue its action is limited, is one of the utmost importance; but it seems to have been generally ignored by those who have had the management of our schools.

The laws of nature are inexorable. By dint of great and painful labor, the child may succeed in repeating a lot of words, like a parrot; but, with the power of its brain all exhausted, it is out of the question for it to really master and comprehend its lessons. The effect of the system is to enfeeble the intellect even more than the body.

Youth beholds happiness gleaming in the prospect. Age looks back on the happiness of youth, and, instead of hopes, seeks its enjoyment in the recollections of hopes. Thus happiness ever resides in the imagination.

At Home and Abroad.

One of the novel educational features of the Massachusetts State Reformatory is a class in ethics. It is conducted on a plan devised by President Hyde, of Bowdoin College. About 150 of the more intelligent prisoners are members of the class. The usual procedure of the class consists of a lecture by the instructor or a paper by some member, followed by a general discussion of the topic. The debates are said to be spirited and earnest, and the effect on the prisoners excellent.

There is in Italy a village entirely inhabited by organ-grinders who have acquired comfortable fortunes in England, that is for Italian peasants, and have returned to their native land to enjoy them with their families. They one and all speak English, and curiously enough many of them retain the instruments with which they have earned their independence, and at night it is no unusual thing to hear some popular tune of many years ago being ground out upon a piano organ.

Hypnotism as a defence reduced a young Russian murderer's sentence recently to five years' imprisonment. She was an heiress of Varzin, who had killed her father by slow poison under the influence of a hair dresser employed to massage her, who used an ointment that made her close all control over herself. The experts testified that the girl was unusually susceptible to hypnotic influence naturally, and that the massage treatment renders even healthy persons undergoing it subject to such influence.

Milk as a fire extinguisher was used with great success in Orr's Island, Me., a few days ago. A milkman of that place found his kitchen ablaze on returning home at night. He went to the well to draw water ty throw on the flames, but in his excitement lost the bucket in the well. Then he ran into the dairy and got a big can of milk and threw the contents on the flames, which had by this time gained good headway. He emptied can after can of milk on the fire, and eventually quenched it and saved his house. Now the neighbors are making ungenerous jokes about the effectiveness of the milk as a substitue for water.

On the estate of Lord de Vesci near Cork is a charming castle, which was built at a cost of fourpence. This extraordinary price was due to the keen business instinct of a woman, Anastasia, the wife of John Archdeacon. During her husband's absence at the wars in 1688 she determined to surprise him on his return by having a castle ready to receive him, and hired a large number of workmen to carry out the building-operations, on the agreement that while engaged on the work they should purchase their clothes and provisions from her, and her alone. She managed the transaction so skilfully that on balancing her accounts she found that she was only fourpence out of pocket.

The system in vogue in France whereby the Government retains the monopoly of the sale of tobacco is worthy of imitation in England. The right to sell is granted to people who have served the State in some way or other, and is found especially useful as a method for providing for the windows and daughters of retired public servants. If a single woman or a widow acting in this capacity desires to marry or re marry an authorisation from the prefect of the department or town must be first obtained. On receiving the application a commission is nominated, which makes an inquiry as to the expediency of the prospective bride continuing to keep her tobacco-shop. As a rule matrimony is a disability, but if the husband has any special claims, or is in a position to assure the permanence of the household, permission is granted for its retention. By this system a sure means of livelihood is provided for helpless women, and some similar plan might be seriously considered for adoption elsewhere.

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Our Young Folks.

ALMOST STOLEN.

BY C. A. L.

"WILL, I'm going to have my birfday to-day, and I'm a very big girl, almost."

"Phew! not a very big one, or you'd not say birfday—you're not big at all"; and Will, with a scornful laugh, snapped his fingers at the smaller speaker.

"I am big—I'm five years old, and that's big and if I have my birfday, I shall be very big—birfdays always make people big!" prattled Dot, or Dormouse, as her brothers, Will and Fred, often liked to call her.

"Nonsense! you'll not be big till you can say birthday."

"I can say it almost right, hear me—birfday. There, I am getting big."

"You're not; you're only a teeny-weeny thing that says birfday—so there!"

"And why have you got those fine togs on?" asked Will.

"Do you mean, what have I got my best frock on for, and my best hat, and my best sash? I'm going into town with nurse in the donkey carriage."

"You are—what for?"

"I shan't tell, 'tis a secret and secrets mustn't be told."

"A little teeny-weeny thing like you may tell me."

"I'm not a teeny-weeny, and I shan't tell you."

"You are a teeny-weeny; and the pea cock thinks so too. See how he spreads out his tail at you; that's his way of laughing at people, you know."

"Perhaps he's laughing at you, 'cause I know a secret, and you don't."

"No, he isn't, Miss Pert;" and Will pulled one of her yellow curls, peeping out from under her hat.

"What's the matter?" asked Fred, Will's twin brother, coming up—two young giants they were, compared with Dot. The two whispered together.

"Let's hide her, and have some fun with nurse," is what they said.

"Dormouse," spoke Will, "let's have a game with nurse. You go and hide, and we'll find you—it will be a quite a birthday joke. Come along."

And Dot lisped a willing "Yes," and let them drag her off through a gate, opening from the lawn into a grass field, as fast as her fat legs would carry her.

"Now crouch down here," said Will, putting her between two hay ricks, "this is just the thing for a hiding-place; and you're such a teeny-weeny, nurse will never see you. And if she calls, you must not answer her, mind."

"Mustn't I say, 'Yes?'"

"No; you must say nothing."

"Why must I say 'nothing?' That's such a funny answer."

"Just listen to her," laughed Will. "You must say nothing at all, not speak—do you understand?"

"I must say nothing at all, not speak; but how'll nurse know where I am? How'll I go to town?"

"We'll manage all that, never you mind, only you must keep very quiet;" and down crouched the white crooked, white-washed little maiden, a wee bundle between the two big ricks.

"Dot, Miss Dot! where are you?" called nurse, coming out on the terrace, putting on her gloves, the donkey carriage waiting at the front of the steps.

"Do you want Dot?" said Will, he and Fred coming out, as he spoke, from among the laurel bushes.

"Yes—where is she?"

"That would be telling," answered provoking Will.

"Well, you'll have to tell."

"If we don't know, wild horses couldn't make us tell," said Fred; and both boys called "Dot! Dormouse!" wondering if the mite would answer or not.

No, there was no reply, so they went here and there, laughing, searching, and calling her name, about the lawn and shrubbery, while nurse went the round of the house. Their mamma was from home, so Dot could not have gone to her.

Well, at last, as those who hide are said to be able to find, the boys, since they had had their joke, thought that it was time to go and find the little hide away. She was not there—there was no small white ball curled up in the dimness between the ricks. Where could she be?

"Dot! Dormouse!" they called, frightening the echoes till they shouted too; but no Dot answered them.

Dear, dear! what a search they had!—quite three-quarters of an hour by the clock, nurse said, running about the house and garden; and the worst was, Dot was not to be found anywhere.

Of course, the boys had long ago told nurse of their trick, but she was far to frightened to scold them for it.

Cook gave the finishing touch to their alarm by saying

"It must be that tramp!"

And when nurse asked, "What tramp?" she told how a ragged woman had, about the time Dot was lost, come to the back door, trying to sell clothes pegs; and when cook told her that she did not want any, she went away grumbling.

"Depend upon it, she's stolen Dot," said Will, and Fred standing by, with white cheeks that turned a shade paler.

"Yes, depend," agreed nurse in a two-worded way; and then the real search for the little girl began.

The boys went into the village different ways, to look for the tramp. Will came upon her, sitting under a hedge, but she had no Dot with her, and said she hadn't seen her, hadn't stolen her. What did she want with anybody's Dot, she asked angrily? More, she told Will to go along, or she would box his ears; and he went.

As for Fred, he had seen "nobody nor nothing but one old cow, which mooed at him, he told his brother when they met at the cross roads, after scouring the village by different ways; so they went home.

Tripping in at the gate leading from the grass field to the lawn they espied Dot with Frisk, her little doggie, as they went in at the front gate.

"Why, Dot, where have you been?" cried Will.

"I've been for a long walk, 'cause 'twas so long to hide, and I thought I should be quite lost. And—and—well, I wanted to catch a butterfly all down the field, and I went; and then the butterfly went over the river, and I went over the bridge after it, into the next field, and Frisk was there; and we had such a nice time, and I forgot the butterfly. And now, is nurse ready?"

"Ready! Nurse, she's found," shouted Will across the lawn.

"You couldn't have looked for her, boys," said nurse, who now her pet was found had time to grumble.

"We did—I remember seeing something white all across the field, and I thought 'twas a butterfly," confessed Will.

"And that was me," laughed Dot.

"And that shows you're only a little teeny-weeny thing; same as I said before," spoke Will.

"I shan't be a teeny-weeny on my next birfday, and I shan't call it birfday then," said hopeful Dot.

"We shall see," answered Will, lifting her into the donkey carriage, which had been still waiting for them; and off she drove with nurse to town.

The "secret" which took them there was the buying of a large birthday cake; "'cause I am a very big girl, and must have a birfday cake—a real one;" so Dot said; and at teatime she managed, she and nurse between them, to chop out a piece of cake for each of her brothers quite nicely.

"But I shall do it better next birfday," she told them.

"When you're not a little teeny-weeny, and can say birthday," added Will.

NOBODY'S DOG.

BY H. M. B.

IT surely was a queer shaggy fellow with one ear and a half—the other half had gone in a scuffle with a terrier—a stumpy tail, and two wistful brown eyes.

Up and down the town he wandered, in the aimless forlorn way of a dog who has no master and no home; and now and then he got under the feet of the passers by, and received a kick or an angry word.

When, moved by hunger, he stopped near a butcher's shop, the butcher himself came running out, and warned him off in a big husky voice.

"We don't want stray dogs hanging about," said the man of beef and mutton. "One of 'em bolted with a sheep's heart. So be off with you, I say!"

Nobody's dog looked at him sadly, and went on down the street. He had had no breakfast, and there seemed no prospect of dinner, supper, or any other meal.

A carriage drove past, in which sat a lady and two pugs, who occupied the back seat. Oh, how fat and sleek and comfortable those pugs did look!

One could well imagine them enjoying three good meals a day, besides little snacks of nice things in between times; and their mistress kept looking at them as if she were so proud of her plump pets.

"Some people have such good fortune!" sighed Nobody's dog, with a sad shake of his stumpy tail. "I heard somebody say once, 'Every dog has his day.'"

"And a cat has two Sundays," interrupted a pert voice. "Perhaps you never heard that, eh, dog?"

It was a smutty white kitten frisking on a doorstep with an empty cotton reel; and she put her head on one side, and gave her tail a flick.

"You do look an object!" said the kitten. "You can't have combed your hair for a month."

"Those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones," retorted Nobody's dog. "When did you wash your face my lady? Not this week, I should say."

The smutty kitten grew angry at this because it was, unfortunately, true.

"I wish you wouldn't stand there hindering," she cried. "Tuesday is always my busy day, and anybody with sense could see that I am particularly engaged"; and she began to play with the reel again.

"I suppose," he hesitated, "there don't happen to be a place in your place for a good watch-dog, is there?"

"No indeed, that there is not," returned the kitten quickly. "My mistress keeps nothing worth stealing, and she never has bones."

The dog turned away and left her; it did seem hard that in all the great big world there should be no place for one who desired to do his duty. And then, it was such lonely work, belonging to no one.

How he envied the dogs he saw scurrying along at the sound of a whistle from their masters! They had good homes, and someone to pat them. It is so hard to be all alone, even if you are nothing more than a shaggy dog with a ridiculously short tail.

All that day the poor fellow wandered about; a drink of water and a crust thrown away by some child were all he had to eat, and he slept on a doorstep.

"Suppose I try the country now?" he thought. "Perhaps someone will be wanting a watch dog out there. They generally have them at farm houses, I believe."

But Nobody's dog did not seem to be wanted, at least not by the farmers' wives, who appeared to think that he was after the chickens, and promptly drove him off the premise with a broom handle. Nor would they listen to his explanations.

"Be off!" was what they said; and one of them threw a piece of wood at him, which hit him on the shoulder.

"There seems no place in the world for me," said Nobody's dog; and quite disheartened, he lay down by the side of the road.

Presently there was a clatter of hoofs, and two boys, attended by a groom, came cantering along the road.

One of the ponies—evidently a very spirited one—suddenly shied violently at the sight of the dog lying near the path, and its rider was thrown off. There was a cry of "Oh, Harold!" from the second boy, and the groom, in a great hurry, sprang from his horse, and ran to give his help.

"Are you hurt, Sir Harold?" he inquired anxiously. "It's all the fault of that good for nothing puppy yonder; and the pony's fresh to-day, too."

"My leg hurts; I believe I've sprained something," said the boy, who looked very white. "No, Wilson, don't hit the dog; it wasn't his fault. Poor fellow!"—for our waif had crept up to him and was licking his hand. "Poor old doggie, you look as if you had no one to care for you."

"I say, Harold, can you manage to ride home?" asked Alan, his cousin. "It isn't very far."

"I don't think I can," muttered little Sir Harold, and the groom carried him to the grass by the side of the road.

"Sir Alan, will you please ride home as fast as ever you can, and tell my lady what has happened, and ask her to send the carriage?" said Wilson quickly. "Don't spare the pony, sir," he added, and Alan, with a scared face, galloped away.

Sir Harold revived in a few minutes, though his foot still pained him. He began to pat and make much of the dog which had caused his tumble, and Nobody's dog responded with the greatest enthusiasm.

"Do you think he's a stray, and has no owner, Wilson?"

"Yes, I should say he was just a vagabond, Sir Harold," was Wilson's reply.

"Then I shall take him home with me," said his young master, in a tone of decision.

The carriage came, and with it Alan and Lady Lester—Harold's mother. Harold was lifted into it; he whistled, and Nobody's dog sprang in after him.

Lady Lester remonstrated, but she had to give in. Harold was her only son, and was there anything she would not do for him? And this the boy knew quite well.

"I shall call him Dandy," said Sir Harold. "Mother dear, he really is a very nice dog. Just see how grateful he looks!"

And so Nobody's dog became Somebody's dog; and found a home at last.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

There are 19,857,516 church members in the United States.

March, May, August and November will have five Sundays each.

The Pope is fond of children and frequently gives them audience.

The latest photograph of the heavens shows 68,000,000 planets and stars.

"Die, and I will do the rest," is the advertisement of a Chesaning, Mich., funeral director.

A farmer of Missouri claims to have been successful in the cultivation of coffee in his garden.

Only two of the thirteen Texans in the National House of Representatives are natives of Texas.

Some unregenerate scoundrels entered the office of Toledo's Chief of Police and stole that officer's overcoat.

The only eclipse visible in North America in 1895 will occur August 22-23, a partial eclipse of the moon.

The beggar who displays an empty sleeve should be careful lest he be arrested for carrying concealed arms.

A 12-year-old boy preacher, assisted by his father and mother, is conducting revivals in Carter and Lewis counties, Ky.

The earthworm propels himself along the ground or through the earth by means of bristles projecting from each ring of his body.

At West Salem, Ohio, last week, 27 men turned out with their teams and cut and delivered 27 cords of wood to the widows of the place.

Two Mount Vernon, N. Y., policemen had a running fight with revolvers, each mistaking the other for a burglar. Neither was hurt.

It is said that the police of New York city have received orders to stop persons from whistling on the streets of the metropolis after midnight.

A St. Bernard was sold for $2350 at the Birmingham, England, dog show. This is said to be the highest price ever paid for a St. Bernard at auction.

The tuft of feathers on the Prince of Wales' crown is said to have cost $50,000 and the lives of several hunters. It took twenty years to collect the feathers.

As speaking tubes are found not to work on the English warships, owing to the rattling of the machinery, the admiralty has determined to try telephones.

Several of the Ishpeming, Michigan, miners who recently emigrated to South Africa write that they are earning big wages, and the country isn't half as rough as they expected.

It is reported that the Germans, who have recently made [illegible] of American apples, intend to use this fruit in the manufacture of champagne by an entirely new and secret process.

A bicyclists' accident insurance company has just been organized in Westfield, Mass. It proposes to insure bicycle riders against all manner of accidents met with while riding their machines.

A brass band whose entire membership is composed of Penobscot Indians is said to have been organized in Maine. The way in which the "poor Indian" manages to keep himself before the public does "beat the band."

Dr. Young records that at Gibraltar the human voice has been heard at a distance of 10 miles, and it is true that over water as well as a surface of ice sound is propagated with extraordinary clearness and strength.

At a recent reunion in Kentucky there was one man, ninety eight years old, that weighed but sixty three pounds, a baby two years old that weighed ninety-six and one-half pounds, and a woman with twelve toes and fourteen fingers.

There is a Smith family in Ohio with peculiar given names. The father is the Rev. Jeremiah Prophet Elijah Smith. His sons are named Most Noble Festus and Sir Walter Scott Hart, and his daughters Juan Fernandez Island and Terra Del Fuego.

A number of converts walked over the shore ice, scrambled through the thin edge and waded out into the icy sea at Orr's Island, Me., to be baptized a few days ago. Even in the middle of summer the sea in that region is so cold that few people bathe in it.

The famous Russian painter Verestchagin has advised the inhabitants of Moscow to build all their houses in strictly Russian style. This, he said, would give the city an original aspect that would attract thousands of tourists, and bring money for public improvements.

One day last week a man presented at the St. Louis Sub treasury a $4 bill of the old "Continental currency" for redemption. He demanded $10,000 for the liquidation of the ancient obligation. This result he obtained by figuring compound interest from 1777, the date of issue. He was informed that the value of such paper was about ten cents per hundred.

A FRAGMENT.

BY W. W. L.

Sweetheart, the night is in my heart,
The day is in your eyes;
Let's blend together day and night,
And make of earth a paradise.

OLD ENGLISH FAIRS.

Here we are in the middle of Bartholomew Fair—quite a hundred years ago, please to remember, for it is no longer held.

Bartholomew Fair dates from early times, for it began as far back as the reign of Henry I. The Court jester, Rahere, turned monk, and persuaded the king to let him hold an annual market at Smithfield, close to the monastery where he lived. The monks were able to make money by taking tolls from the stall keepers.

In those early days tradesmen came to the fair to buy and sell great bales of cloth, and housewives laid in a stock of useful articles. But gradually pleasure took the place of business, and every kind of show might be seen.

The Lord Mayor, attended by the Aldermen, always went in state, and stood under a special archway to proclaim the fair open. Then they walked, in all the bravery of scarlet gowns and gold chains, in a field close by, and looked on at some wrestling. After this it was usual to let loose a basket of live rabbits among the crowd, and a number of boys hunted them.

At one time it was the fashion to go to Bartholomew Fair to eat roast pig. Generally, too, there was one of these interesting animals on show—a live one, of course.

Toby, the Learned Pig, attracted a great many visitors. He was advertised to spell, read, and cast up accounts, kneel at command, perform blindfold with twenty handkerchiefs over his eyes, tell the time by a watch, and the age of anybody. Also, it was stated that when asked a question he would give an immediate answer.

He had a rival in a four-footed gentleman called "The Amazing Pig of Knowledge," who could count, tell black from white, and knew the value of money. You had to pay the equivalent of a dime to see him.

A learned pony was also on view, a fat boy, a fire-eater, a Scotch giant, several dwarfs—one called "the celebrated Windsor fairy"—and various puppet shows. Signor Capelli, a conjuror, had with him a company of performing cats. One beat a drum, while another turned a spit; a third gravely roasted coffee over a little fire, and a fourth ground some knives. One pussy seemed to understand both French and Italian when her master spoke to her. Besides the cats, the Signor exhibited a wonderful dog, who would play, he declared, at dominoes with any gentleman that would have a game with him.

Mountebanks, tumblers, and jugglers came in crowds to exhibit their skill to the fair-goers. Among others there was an Italian, "Scaramouch," who danced on the tight rope, with a duck on his head, and wheeled across it a barrow containing two children and a dog.

Little girls who went to the fair generally bought a "Bartholomew baby;" this was a doll, only in those days they would not have known it by this name. A dolls' house they called a "baby-house."

Smithfield, in wet weather, was a foot deep in mud, and the Lord Mayor, in 1614, was ordered by the king to have it paved. At the end of last century it was quite dangerous to go to Bartholomew Fair, on account of a gang of rascals who called themselves "Lady Holland's Mob." They broke into the houses, robbed the fair-goers, and were so strong and so numerous that the watchmen and constables were afraid to interfere with them. This was, no doubt, one reason why the fair was finally put down.

Stourbridge Fair was once as large and important as its cousin of Bartholomew. The Mayor of Cambridge went on horseback to open it, preceded by the crier in scarlet, twenty-eight constables, three drums, two trumpeters, the town band, the bellman, riding, and many others. Two footmen, in red coats and carrying white wands, led the Mayor's horse, and after him came twelve aldermen, also riding, and a long string of Cambridge citizens. Lastly rode a large number of boys, who after the fair had been proclaimed open had horse races, and each on his return might ask for a cake and some ale at the Town Hall.

Fairs were important things in the olden days, as you can easily see. Even now, there is a fair at Nijni-Novgorod, in Russia, which lasts six whole weeks, and you can walk for miles without going over the same ground twice. There is the French street, the English street, the Armenian street; and a Chinese market, where are rows and rows of stalls selling nothing but tea. You might walk for a mile and see nothing but iron goods come from Siberia; and if you felt hungry, and happened to step into a Tartar eating-house, you would most likely get for dinner a little piece of roast horse.

This giant fair is devoted to business, and not so much to fun and frolic. As an instance of a short fair, there used to be one held in June in the north of England, which began as soon as the sun set and ended an hour after it rose. It went by the appropriate name of Sleepy Market.

Gingerbread fairs used to be more common in Merry England than they are now; and it is said that they are still held in Hungary.

Until about twenty years ago, Birmingham boys and girls had two every year to save up their pennies for. The first was called "Pleasure Fair," the second "Onion Fair," and both could boast of long lines of gingerbread stalls, where you could buy all sorts of oddly-shaped brown cakes, from a king with a gilt crown down to a currant-eyed pig.

PARISIAN COOKING PARTIES.—The latest excitement in Paris society is the pursuit of cooking as an accomplishment, cooking soirees being far from unusual. At a recent reception at the mansion of a princess, a refreshment bar was fitted up in the drawing room, at which the guests were supplied with dishes, broiled, roasted, and stewed on elegant cooking-stoves by very aristocratic young women. The men, it is said, could not eat enough, in their anxiety to show their appreciation of the novel institution and its charming promoters.

Grains of Gold.

Patience is always a step toward godliness.

Whatever love undertakes to do, it does well.

When we give grudgingly, we do not give at all.

Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.

To rejoice in the prosperity of another is to partake of it.

Our own heart, and not other men's opinions, forms our true honor.

Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.

Choose well, and you will find life very good, and very well worth living.

Libraries are the shrines where all the relics of ancient saints, full of true virtue, and without delusion or imposture, are preserved.

There is a whole sermon in the saying of the Persian—"In all quarrels, leave open the door of reconciliation." We should never forget it.

Keep clear of personalities in general conversation. Talk of things, subjects and thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with personalities.

Let humor bedew duty. Let gaiety take charge of dullness. So employ these qualities that they shall be to life what carbonic acid is to liquid, making it foam and sparkle.

Femininities.

Mr. Gladstone's favorite drink is an egg beaten up in sherry.

She: Do you think it would be unmaidenly for a girl to propose to a man? He: Certainly not; if she is rich enough for two.

Lady Sandhurst is the only lady for more than 300 years on whom the honor of the freedom of the city of London has been conferred.

Waiter, at 11 P. M.: There is a lady outside who says her husband promised to be home early to night. All, rising: Excuse me a moment.

Miss Hasbeen: I'm very tired after the dance last night. Little Ethel: Yes, you must be. Sister says you held the wall up the whole evening."

Danish papers say that the Princess Maud of Wales objects to marrying her cousin, Prince Christian of Denmark, because of the near relationship.

The Duchess of Albany has invented a school desk and seat for which the Sanitary Institute has awarded her a gold medal at its exposition in London.

A Paris shoe dealer is authority for the statement that Madrid ladies have the smallest feet, while the women of Sweden have the most shapely ones.

A little Italian girl in New York, 4 years old, has just died of blood poisoning caused by green thread which was put in her ears after they were pierced.

In Norway the horses are broken in by women. They make pets of them first, feeding the colts out of their own hands, and teaching them to follow like dogs.

Mabel: A lot of us girls have established a secret society, Jack. Jack: What are the objects of it? Mabel: Why, we meet together and tell secrets, of course!"

"Why did you break off your engagement with Miss Bertha?" "Because her parrot was always saying 'Stop that, George.'" "But what difference did that make? Your engagement was not a secret." "But my name is not George."

Young wife: Oh, mamma, put the curling tongs in the fire, quick! Charlie has been bitten by a mad dog. Mother: Are you going to cauterize the wound? Young wife: No; I want to curl my bangs so I can run for the doctor. Hurry up.

It was the barking of her faithful pet dog that attracted the attention of neighbors to the rooms of Mrs. Kelly, the Portland woman found the other day frozen in her chair. The dog had remained by her side during the long hours, whining and crying for help.

At a "leap-year party" in Chattanooga, recently, the young ladies who formed the committee of management had posted up in conspicuous parts of the hall such mottoes as the following: "We mean business," "None of your poverty dodges," "Waiting is tedious," etc.

Bloomers are at a discount in St. Petersburg. Only one woman was ever given a permit to ride a bicycle in that city, and since she fell off her wheel and had to be taken to a hospital the police have refused to let a woman ride a wheel. This is the wrong season of the year for bicycling in St. Petersburg, any way.

"It was a grave question," said the school trustee. "We have got to decide to-night whether or not we shall teach sewing in our public schools here." "I think it's a good thing," said his wife. "And I hope you'll vote for it, especially for the boys. If Willie had to sew his own buttons on he wouldn't so enjoy the pleasure of pulling them off. If you want the opinion of mothers, it is favorable."

"Uncle," said a young man to an experienced old gentleman, "I am going to propose to my sweetheart this evening, and I wish you'd post me a little as to how to manage in case she should not listen favorably to my suit." "Well, Tom, if she says, in a doubled tone of voice, 'I can never love you,' don't lose heart, for there will yet be hope. But if she softly says, 'No one, dear Tom, has more sincere wishes for your happiness than I,' you might as well take your hat and leave at once."

M. Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire, who died recently in Paris at the age of 101, was the page who announced to Josephine, the divorced wife of Napoleon I. the birth of the little King of Rome, Napoleon's son by his second marriage. Saint-Hilaire lived in France under two emperors, three kings and two republics. He and Napoleon III. were schoolmates, but he so detested the means whereby the latter gained power that he would have nothing to do with the Second Empire.

A school for native Indian women will be opened early in the coming year at Lucknow, under an English lady principal, for the training of teachers and for the preparatory education of women who wish to enter the medical profession. There is also urgent need for women lawyers in the great dependency, where the disabilities surrounding widowhood are frequently taken advantage of by unscrupulous people to rob widows of their property. They are debarred from male help, and everything points to the presence of female lawyers to whom they may turn for help and protection.

Masculinities.

How easy it is for a lazy man to prove that luck is against him.

Impressionist photographs are a new invention. It is said they enable a man to see himself as others see him.

The man who thinks about marrying usually remains a bachelor. It's the fellows who don't stop to think who get married.

Everybody commends the modest man and rushes ahead and takes the seats away from him when there is a crowd getting aboard the car.

Mrs. Quigga: Your husband reminds me of somebody, Mrs. Neighbors: He reminds me of his mother every time the cooking doesn't suit him.

There are three negroes in the new Ohio Legislature and one in the Baltimore City Council, and in both they will be expected to set their white brethren a good example.

Bogga: How is it that your hair is quite white, while your beard is very dark? Nogga: It's the most natural thing in the world. Bogga: Indeed! Nogga: It is 30 years older.

The young man in Crawfordsville, Ind., who robbed his best girl while she sang love songs to him is worthy of some consideration in the mean-man championship question.

A very rare occurrence recently happened at Copenhagen, where a retired military officer celebrated his second silver wedding. He is eighty-two years old, his second wife being fifty-two.

In the counting house of an Irishman the following notice is exhibited in a conspicuous place: "Persons having no business in this office will please get it done as soon as possible and leave."

Bride, on shipboard at sea: "I feel so sick, my dear; and if I should die and they bury me here, you'll sometimes come and plant flowers on my grave, won't you?" Hubby: "Yes; water lilies."

Lover: You are getting prettier every day. Sweet girl: Just now I am living on brown bread and water, to improve my complexion. Lover: How long can you keep that up? Sweet girl: Oh, indefinitely. Lover: Then, let's get married.

In support of the doctrine that temperance is conducive to longevity, it may be noted that the two oldest ex-Mayors in the country both belong to Portland, Me. They are Neal Dow and W. W. Thompson, both of whom are 91 years old.

A statistician says he has observed that musicians have, as a rule, excellent heads of hair. In the prime of life the musician's hair flourishes most, and in every 100 music devotees only one hairless head is met with; while in other professions about 11 in every 100 are bald.

A little more than a year ago a young woman in Frankfort, Ind., married a loose character named Emory, in the hope that she would reform him. Last week the once sanguine woman was sent to a reformatory for a year, after conviction in the courts for assisting her husband to steal poultry.

In countries where oranges grow in plenty, country gentlemen use the cheapest kind for blacking their boots. The orange is cut in two, and the juice side of one half is rubbed on the soot of an iron pot, and then on a boot. Then the boot is rubbed with a soft brush, and a bright polish at once appears.

Dr. W. Seward Webb of New York has adopted a fanciful livery for men servants. They wear black coats with gilt buttons and gold festoons, black plush breeches with gilt buckles, yellow plush waistcoats with silk stockings, and low shoes with large, plain silver buckles. They are chosen in regard to their form with as much care as the manager of a spectacular drama selects the ladies of the first row.

In spite of the fun that has been poked at Prince Henry of Battenburg, he is really one of the few members of the British royal family who makes himself useful. Queen Victoria finds his services invaluable. She seldom travels without attaching Prince Henry to her suite. He is a man of rather pleasing presence and a good deal of tact. He is very energetic, and his accomplishments are quite varied.

For two years Michael Gartland, a war veteran in New Haven, Conn., labored hard to secure a pension. Last week he died. A few days after his death a Government letter was received at the North Haven Post-office, saying the application for a pension was granted. As Gartland leaves no heirs, the pension money, which aggregates over $4000, reverts to the Treasury.

There is in Germany a remarkable woman named Johanna Voight Ambrosius, who is a poetess. But she does not earn her living by her pen. She works early and late, swinging her flail on the threshing floor, mowing the grass with her scythe, milking her cows, churning her butter, and assiduously attending to all the domestic needs of her little household. Her poems have commanded much attention in Germany, and it is a marvel how she has found time to write them. She is just forty-one years old, and lives in a small village in East Prussia close to the Russian frontier.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A beautiful skating costume has a full flaring skirt of ermine bordered with a band of black bear fur.

The plain, perfectly fitted bodice is made of heavy white broadcloth. The collar band is made of ermine fur. The sleeves have a large puff of the ermine, and are met at the elbows by deep cuffs of white cloth, which are encircled at the wrist by a band of bear fur. The long boa is black bear and the muff is ermine.

The large white felt hat is trimmed around the base of the crown by two small folds of black velvet. A white velvet choux is placed on either side of the front of the brim close to the crown, while four black ostrich feathers are arranged at the back, two standing erect and two falling to the sides. This costume would be very effective carried out in Persian lamb and violet cloth, the hat in this case being black felt with choux of violet velvet or bunches of the silk violets.

Another truly elegant skating costume is made of bottle green cloth, trimmed with sable fur and green velvet elaborately embroidered in fine gold, blue and white cord studded with many colored stones. The skirt is cut in the regulation style, the foot being adorned by appliques of the embroidered velvet and a band of sable fur, which surrounds the skirt six inches from the edge.

The chic coat bodice had the left side and the full, short basques made of the embroidered velvet, which are edged with sable. The right side of the front of the bodice fastens over on the left side from the neck to the bust by three gold buttons, and is then invisibly fastened in the centre of the front from the bust to the waist, being entirely edged with fur. The sable collar-band is partially concealed under a large turn-down collar of embroidered velvet edged with fur. The shoulder cape of sable extends over the shoulders and across the back, ornamented over either sleeve by a sable tail. The velvet sleeves are gigots. The sable muff is garnished with the sable tails.

The toque worn with the charming costume is made of green velvet trimmed with gold and black poppies that nestle in choux of chine ribbon arranged at the right side, while two black ostrich plumes decorate the centre of the back.

Another swell costume is made of light brown cloth trimmed with metal buttons and Corsican fox furs. The skirt is cut with a flat front and well defined fluting at the sides and back. On the right side near the waist line are four large metal buttons, simulating the fastening of the skirt. The foot is bordered by a band of fox fur eight inches wide.

A neat and comfortable dress for a little boy's dress is made of tobacco-brown cloth, opening in the front to form a V, which is made of plaited white satin. The white satin revers collar is edged with a frill of cream-colored guipure lace. The small turn over collar is made of white satin. The white leather belt fastens with a white pearl buckle. The bishop sleeve is drawn into a white satin cuff, headed by a wide frill of the guipure.

A stylish dress for a girl of twelve years is made of a check woollen in two shades of brown. The skirt is four yards wide and made of separate breadths, which are nearly straight at the edge on account of the tucks, but are gored at the top.

The blouse bodice is made upon a plain, well-fitting lining, and is fastened on the left shoulder and under the left arm. Three tucks, one inch deep, run round the figure just above the waist line. The brown satin ribbon collar band has a bow of the same at the back. The ribbon sash fastens in the front with a cut steel buckle. The upper sleeve is puffed to the elbow, and is encircled with three tucks, while the lower sleeve is quite plain.

Another pretty frock is made of blue serge. The full skirt is ornamented in the centre of the front by a double box plait of the serge, extending from the waist to the edge, which gradually widens as it descends.

The plain bodice is open in the front to the chest and embellished with blue velvet revers. A double box plait extends from the chest to the waist enriched on either side by small white pearl buttons. The chemisette is made of corn silk. The belt is blue velvet. The gigot sleeve has the front seam opened at the waist to the depth of two inches and is faced with blue velvet, which rolls back to form a pointed cuff.

A suit for a boy, from 4 to 5 years old, is made of dark green cloth, with knickerbockers buttoned to an underwaist, and a belted jacket, with a deep sailor collar opening to be belt. A tucked white linen plastron is worn with this suit, and the large separate sailor collar is made of white pique. This belt is made of the cloth, and fastens in the front with two cloth buttons. The bishop sleeves have narrow cloth cuffs.

The lingerie and underclothing of both girls and boys is certainly exquisite. Drawers and jerseys for little boys are of the finest of cashmere wool or of silk, in dainty colors, such as flesh-pink, azure or maize, and are finished off at the neck, sleeves and lower part of the leg with narrow bands of silk, feather-stitched.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Ink on Linen, Calico, or White Muslin.—Immediately lay the damaged part of the article in plenty of milk. Immerse it well. Let it lie. Then rub it well. Let it lie and rub it alternately all day. Only very hard rubbing will get it out, but every vestige may be removed.

To Improve Sandy Soils.—Mix well together ten loads of stable manure, five loads of clay, twenty bushels of ashes, and an equal amount of lime. Let these remain in a heap for several months, when the compost will be ready for use. By this means poor sandy soils may be brought to a state of permanent fertility.

To Remove Grease Spots from Dresses (Woollen), Furniture, Carpets, Table-Cloths, &c.—Make the poker red hot. Hold it over the grease spot within an inch of the material. In a second or two the grease will disappear. Be sure not to let the poker touch the material to burn it.

How Saucepans are Enamelled.—The insides of saucepans and other iron vessels are often enamelled; this is done by first making the surface of the iron chemically clean, by exposing it to a gentle heat in a mixture of sulphuric acid and water; the time it has to remain in the acid varying from six to twenty-four hours. The article is then to be removed, cleansed with a brush, and well washed with water. The surface of the metal to be enamelled is then to be covered with a preparation of calcined flints, borax, and clay free from iron, well ground together, and made into a frit with water. The vessel is put in a warm place, until this coating becomes quite dry. Then another coat of a different composition is to be applied over the preceding one. This consists of glass (finely powdered, and containing no lead), borax, and carbonate of soda; the ingredients being carefully mixed all together into a paste with hot water; and well dried. This composition is to be reduced to fine powder, and dusted over the casting previously applied. The article is then placed in a kiln, and exposed to a degree of heat sufficient to fuse the composition into a kind of glass or porcelain. When iron vessels enamelled in this manner are used, care must be taken that the enamel is never exposed to a higher temperature than that at which water boils—212 degree Fahr. For this reason, they should never be placed by the fire, or on a stove, without a sufficient quantity of water in them.

To Remove Grease from Silk.—Lay the silk on a table, on a clean white cloth. Cover the damage thickly with powdered French chalk. On this lay a sheet of blotting paper, and on the top a hot iron. If the grease does not disappear at once, repeat the process.

To Remove Port Wine Stains.—If a glass of port wine is spilt on a dress or table-cloth, immediately dash all over it a glass of sherry. Rub vigorously with dry soft cloths. No stain will be left.

To Clean Ladies' Kid Boots.—Dip a rag in almond oil, and remove all the mud from the boot, a piece at a time, drying as you go, and never leaving the leather moist. Polish with clean rag and more oil. If you dislike the dulness this process leaves, when quite dry polish with the palm of the hand. Kid is thus both cleaned and preserved.

Apple Butter.—Fill a preserving pan with peeled, quartered, and cored apples. Add cloves, allspice, and cinnamon, not too strong. Cover with good cider, and boil slowly, mashing with a wooden spoon until the whole becomes a dark brown jam, with no more juice than suffices to keep it soft and buttery.

To Remove Stains from Woolen Dresses.—Make a thick rubbing of soap on a damp nail brush. Spread the stained part on a deal table. Scrub with the brush and a sprinkle of water till quite removed. Take a wet cloth and wipe off the soap.

To ascertain whether White Fabrics of Wool or Silk have been mixed with Cotton.—Suspend some of the fabric in a wide-mouthed bottle containing chloride of lime, taking care that the tissue does not come in contact with that substance, but be only exposed to the gas (chlorine) evolved from it. After the fabric has been exposed to the action of the gas for a time, it will be found that while the cotton threads continue as white or even whiter than before, the silk and the wool have become completely yellow. Another way to ascertain it is, to separate the threads of the fabric we wish to examine, and then set them on fire. Wool and silk will not burn without shrivelling up, and giving out a particular smell, while the cotton threat at once burns rapidly away.

Why Potatoes do not Always Keep.—It has been found that those potatoes keep the best in which starch is the most plentiful. The amount of starch contained in this vegetable diminishes the longer it is kept. This is probably due to its becoming converted into sugar and gum. Potatoes examined in April have been ascertained to contain three per cent. less starch than they did in the previous October. The albumen contained in the potatoes was also found to have diminished in quantity.

To Remove Ink Stains.—If spilt on the tablecloth or carpet, take up quickly all you can into a spoon, and throw it in a plate or saucer, or any china article which will wash clean, or even in emergency on stout double brown paper. Take a rag or coarse cloth, dip it in cold water, and squeeze it out. Rub the stain with it, and beyond the stain on all sides, quickly and plentifully, till every mark of the ink has disappeared. If very promptly done, no trace will remain. A second wet cloth may be used to finish with. Cloth table covers are generally recovered this way. Almost any stain falling on a table cloth, carpet, or hearth rug can thus be removed by prompt measures.

To Wash Silk.—Lay the silk smoothly on a clean board, rub soap upon it, and brush it with a rather hard brush. The amount of brushing requisite will depend on the quantity of grease upon the silk. When it has been sufficiently brushed with the soap to cleanse it from grease and dirt, it should be well brushed on both sides with clean cold water. A little alum infused in the last water with which the silk is brushed will prevent the colors from spreading. Should there by any patches of grease upon the silk, they should be removed as previously described, or by the application of a little camphine and alcohol. Folding or wringing silk when wet must be scrupulously avoided, as creases made in silk when wet will never disappear; and, in like manner, hot suds must not be used for washing silks, as it will in most instances remove the colors.

Angel Cake.—Beat well the whites of eleven eggs with one and a half tumblers of pounded sugar, sifted three times; add two teaspoonful of extract of vanilla, and one tumbler (half a pint) of flour, which has been five times sifted, with one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. The flour must be measured both before and after sifting, as a level tumblerful is required. Stir lightly together, and pour it into a new ungreased tin. Bake in a moderate steady oven for forty minutes; cover it the first twenty minutes with a sheet of paper. Let it cool in the pan, turning the latter upside down, and resting its edges on two plates to allow the air to pass freely below the cake. Do not shake the pan while in the oven, or while cooling, or the cake will be heavy. It should be eaten the day the cake is baked. These directions must be exactly observed.

Apple Jelly.—Peel and core two pounds of sharp apples, cover with water in a stew pan, and cook till tender. Carefully strain, but not squeeze, through a jelly bag; boil up with sugar, using one pound to a pint of juice. Boil briskly for about half an hour or longer if required (a good way to test the setting of jelly is to pour a little into a saucer and put it in a cool place for a few minutes), then pour into molds.

A west country clergyman the other day described "Mother Church" as standing "with one foot firmly planted upon the earth, while the other pointed toward heaven."

BISMARCK'S bedroom contains only three pieces of furniture—a large washstand, a small camp bedstead and a bootjack.

No one in ordinary health need become bald or gray, if he will follow sensible treatment. We advise cleanliness of the scalp and the use of Hall's Hair Renewer.

The Weak

The Diseased

MADE STRONG AND HEALTHY

THROUGH

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life; for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, inocured and badly treated Mercurial in its many forms, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ringworm, Saltrheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle are within the curative range of this Wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that are continually progressing, succeeds in arresting those wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain, for when once this remedy commences its work of purification and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving and flesh and weight increasing.

SCROFULA FROM BIRTH.

Dr. Radway: Dear Sir—It is with pleasure I take my pen in hand to inform you of the great cure effected by your medicine called Sarsaparillian Resolvent. I have a girl three years old last September who has suffered with scrofula ever since she was two years old. In fact, the doctor told us she was born with it. We had our best local doctors with her, and it seemed like all hope was gone, for they told us if the disease settled on her lungs she could not be cured. This frightful disease seated or seized upon her lungs severely. I began to think that our little girl could not live long, our physician's medicines doing no good. In the meantime I received a copy of your medical publication called "False and True," which you sent me. After seeing the accounts of so many cures affected by your treatments, I at once resorted to them, though I could scarcely find any in this country, but I had the luck to get one bottle, and by the time she used it all she was most well. The ulcers that were making their appearance on her body are entirely gone, her lungs almost healed, or at least she has almost quit coughing. She has begun on second bottle and I believe by the time she uses all of it she will be well. She had a very bad cough. If I could have secured this treatment in time I could have saved money by it, but it is a hard matter to get hold of it in this country. I am yours with respect,

SAMUEL S. BARKER,
Flat Top, Mercer Co., W. Va.

FEMALE COMPLAINT.

Mrs. B——, from a continual drain on her system, wasted away from 165 pounds to 75 pounds in the course of 14 months. She had used barks, iron, sulphuric acid, quinine and many of the much vaunted nostrums of the day, as well as all kinds of injections, and still grew worse. She commenced the use of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. In one month she gained in weight 10 pounds. Day after day she witnessed an increase of flesh and decrease of waste of Leucorrhea. In two months she was entirely cured of the Leucorrhea, and in six months had gained FIFTY POUNDS IN WEIGHT. She is now in the possession of health and beauty. Let all sick ladies take the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

SKIN DISEASES, HUMORS AND SORES

There is no remedy that will cure the sufferer of Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, Erysipelas, St. Anthony's Fire, Tetters, Rash, Pimples, Blotches, Prickly Heat, Ache and Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Humors of all kinds, so quick as the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. Let it be tried.

THE MOST ECONOMICAL! THE BEST!

One bottle contains more of the active principle of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

Recent Book Issues.

"Echoes of Battle," by Bushrod Washington James, is a volume that will interest every American. The prose portions of the book are valuable as sketches of both the Revolution and the invasion part of the Rebellion, while the beautiful language of the corresponding poems depicts with pathetic effectiveness some of the scenes just after the battles of Antietam and Gettysburg, the battle of the Brandywine, the sad, long days at Valley Forge, and other interesting periods. Handsomely bound, and profusely and suitably illustrated with numerous artistic half-tone reproductions of photographs and drawings. For sale by Coates & Co., publishers, this city.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The promise of each succeeding issue of that valuable monthly "Music," is fully carried out in the January number. Those interested in the divine art will find it more than pleasant reading. Published at Chicago.

The "Cosmopolitan" for January is a superior number. In pictures, includes a colored frontispiece, and in reading matter it is a storehouse of interest and beauty. Published at Irvington, New York.

The "Pocket Magazine" for January contains stories by Rudyard Kipling, Frank R. Stockton and others. Published by Stokes & Co., New York.

The "Eclectic Magazine" for January enters its fifty-second year with a table of contents of twenty numbers from foreign sources. Prof. Sully's psychological article on "The New Study of Children" heads the list. Lighter articles of travel, adventure and several bits of good fiction occupy a fair proportion of the pages in this number of the magazine, as befits the holiday season. Published at New York.

Strong names and interesting topics combine to make the January number of "Appleton's Popular Science Monthly" notable. It opens with an account of "The Smithsonian Institution," by Dr. H. C. Bolton, illustrated. Mr. David A. Wells continues his series on the "Principles of Taxation." Other articles are "New Outlooks in the Science and Art of Medicine," "A Student's Recollections of Huxley," "The Child as Artist," "The Geological Work of the Air," "Suggestibility Automatism, and Kindred Phenomena," "Both Sides of Profit Sharing" and many more. Published at New York.

There is plenty of holiday cheer in the January number of "St. Nicholas." Pictures, poems, sketches and stories are appropriate to the season. Three of the full-page illustrations are "Christmas Lights Do Fade Away," by Frederick Dielmen; "Christmas in the Middle Ages," by F. Melville Du Mond, and "At the Christmas Dance," by E. H. Blashfield. New chapters carry forward the interest in the three serials. There are lots of splendid stories ringing ballads and clever verses. Published at New York.

"The Century" for January, following upon two special numbers—the Twenty-fifth Anniversary and the Christmas numbers—is not lacking either in individuality or distinction. The capable and picturesque artistic work of Mr. Castaigne this month is applied to the illustration of the first of several separate papers on Rome by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, who first gives us "A Kaleidoscope of Rome." Another novel article is an account by Borchgrevink, the explorer, of "The First Landing on the Antarctic Continent," being an account of the recent voyage of the whaler "Antarctic." Among other attractions is F. Hopkinson Smith's novel, "Tom Grogan," "Tom" being a woman contractor in difficulty with a labor union. Published at New York.

POSY RINGS AND MARRIAGE.

WHEN posies inside wedding rings were first introduced does not seem to be known. Time has covered that, as he does so many things, with the mosses of oblivion; but we know that from the sixteenth century until the middle of the eighteenth it was customary to have them engraved on rings.

Those posies or mottoes are seldom to be found with more than two lines of verse, and often with only one, but there are a few instances known where three lines are used.

Some of these posies are very quaint and curious, and a few reach a high standard of poetic beauty. In 1642, a small collection of rhymes was published with the title of Love's Garland; or Posies for Rings, Handkerchiefs, and Gloves, and such pretty Tokens that Lovers send their Loves.

It contains some posies that are not to be met with elsewhere, and is a very interesting work, though but few people seem to have heard of it.

The South Kensington Museum has a good collection of posy rings, and amongst them we find the following: "United hearts, death only parts;" "Let us share in joy and care;" "Love and live happily."

Many posies are in Latin, and some few in French; but the majority of them are in English. A writer in Notes and Queries in 1856 mentions a heavy gold ring that had engraved inside it a piece of advice useful not only in the marriage state but throughout life generally: "Beare and Forbeare."

It was a usual thing at this time to give a ring with a motto on it to a friend whom you greatly valued. To men it generally took the form of a seal ring; but if to a woman, a simple gold ring, or one set with stones, was more usually presented.

A very beautiful posy is, "A friend to one, as like to none" (other)—and perhaps could only be intended for a wedding ring; it seems as though it were meant to show that in marriage there should be true friendship, whatever else besides, a truth that is very often forgotten; but those who had it engraved on a wedding ring must have fully realized it.

Our ancestors, in the days when posy rings flourished, held different views of marriage from ours, and no doubt they would be much astonished could they see "marriage a la mode" at the close of the nineteenth century.

They seemed to have viewed it from two stand-points—one, that it was an affair of business, to be arranged by parents and guardians solely, as is now the French custom; the other, that it should be by the mutual wish of the parties concerned.

In the arranged marriages, parents who were sincerely anxious for the happiness of their children were not entirely actuated by questions of wealth or rank, though no doubt these were duly considered; but the character, disposition, and temper of the prospective bride and bridegroom were carefully inquired about before any definite overtures took place; and even where all things were satisfactory, if the principals expressed a strong dislike to the proposed union, it was usually allowed to break off negotiations.

In the cases of marriages of mutual affection, the young couple were expected to have had a sufficiently long acquaintanceship with each other to have been able to form, if they were endowed with common sense at all, at any rate some slight idea as to the tastes, habits, and feelings of each other.

That people could be found with so little common sense as to engage or betroth themselves after having only known each other a fortnight or three weeks woul have seemed to our ancestors the very climax of folly.

Yet in the present day it is no uncommon thing to find persons entering upon an engagement for what—view it in whatever light one will—is the most serious event of life, with less consideration and forethought than it is wise to give to the ordinary affairs of life.

How can such marriages turn out well? In the higher sense, it is impossible that they should; but the wonder is that they do not fall even more openly than they appear to do.

The idea that a woman should respect and look up to the man she marries—that she should be willing to give up her own will and wishes for his, means to be an unknown thing amongst many people.

No woman with any intellect or force of character could cease to hold her own views on different points, and no man worthy of being looked up to would wish, or even endure, that his wife should be a mere reflex of himself; but unless a woman, on all questions of importance, can turn to her husband as her dearest friend and truest adviser, and unless she can submit to be guided by him, she has no right to marry him.

And unless a man can feel that he is certain of his wife's sympathy, even on points where they differ—unless he can thoroughly trust her, and feel that she is not only his wife but his friend—the marriage is not what marriage should be.

Some ring posies have symbols in the place of words, as in the following:

As God hath made my choyce in thee;
So move thy heart to comfort me.

The word "heart" here is represented by a tiny heart engraved in the gold. The same thing occurs on the wedding ring of the sixteenth or seventeenth century; the heart in this case is rudely cut: "Noe (heart) more true than mine to you."

IOU has for so long had only one meaning attached to it, that it seems strange to find it on a seventeenth century ring in a far other relation, "The love is true that IOU."

Surely the Monmouthshire man who caused his wife's wedding ring to be inscribed, "If thee doesn't work, thee shan't eat," was determined that there should be no mistake in what he required in a wife: the only wonder is how any woman could be induced to marry him with such a threat before her eyes. The exact date of this ring is not known, but it is previous to be of the eighteenth century.

One of the most beautiful of all ring mottoes is to be found in a list of posies given in The Mysteires of Love and Eloquence (London, 1658), "More faithful than fortunate." It has evidently been the gift of one whose love had been rejected. In the same list is to be found, "A heart content cannot repent."

It is again becoming fashionable to have wedding rings with posies; and no doubt the fact that the Duchess of York had one engraved upon hers will do much to revive the old custom.

WHEN HE WROTE THEM.—Mr. Fields, the Boston publisher, had a wonderful memory, and his knowledge of English literature was so great that, when a friend wished to know where a particular passage was to be found in an English author, he would go direct to the famous bibliopole.

A would-be wit, thinking to quiz him before a company at dinner, informed his friends, previous to Mr. Fields' arrival, that he had just written some lines which he intended to submit to him as Southey's and to inquire in which of his works they occured.

After the guests were seated, he began, "Friend Fields, I have been a good deal troubled of late in searching out in Southey's poems his well-known lines running thus"—repeating the lines he had composed.

"Can you tell me when he wrote them, and where they are to be found?"

"I do not remember to have met with them before," replied the publisher; "and there were only two periods in Southey's life when such lines could possibly have been written by him."

"When were those?"

"Somewhere," said Mr. Fields, "about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles or cutting his first teeth, or near the close of his life when his brain had softened. The versification belongs to the measles period, but the ideas betray the idiotic one."

The company roared.

GOSSIP.—We condemn gossip—scandal's twin sister—yet it is a fault easily committed. We begin by a gentle deprecatory reference to somebody's infirmity of temper, and we find ourselves specifying a particular time and scene, which straightway the one who hears tells again to some one else with additions, slight, perhaps, but material.

Before we know it we have stirred up a hornet's nest. This may be done without any more potent motive than a mere love of fun—and half the gossip in the social world is of the unthinking kind, indulged in merely from a spirit of drollery.

Far worse is that other sort of talk which ends in slander and begins in malice, and which separates friends and sunders the ties of years of intercourse with its sharp and jarring discords.

The only way to avoid this evil is to refrain from making the affairs of our friends a staple article of conversation in the household. There are plenty of subjects at hand—let us avoid personalities.

AMUSING SCENE IN CHURCH.—Some time back a harvest home collection was made in a little parish church, an effective sermon being preached from the text, "Is not this the carpenter's son?"

At one end of the church, directly facing the pulpit, is a gallery appropriated to the use of the school children.

One small boy, having had a penny intrusted to him for bestowal in the poor's box, sought to while away the time whilst the sermon was being read by covertly rolling the coin along the narrow ledge of the gallery within a space jealously guarded by his two hands.

Growing bolder with success he increased the distance between his hands, and in an evil moment the copper dropped into the body of the church, striking against the end of a pew, and rolling thence down the aisle in a painfully audible manner.

The clergyman involuntarily raised his eyes from the manuscript and directed them towards the gallery, at the same time proceeding with the reading of his sermon, which had reached a point where he had occasion to quote his text.

Hardly were the words uttered, with due interrogative emphasis, when up started an occupant of the gallery, who, with a respectful salute towards the pulpit, hurriedly replied, "No, sir—if you please, sir, it weren't me; it were Joe Jonnet o' th' smithy!"

The reading of the sermon was slightly interrupted, and the congregation, turning round to look up at the gallery, beheld an unresisting but wondering youth being led forth by the collar.

FOLK LORE ABOUT BABIES.—"All ladies, mothers of families," writes a correspondent of Notes and Queries, "say that if babies have strength to live seven days they will most likely live seven weeks, and if they live over seven weeks, they will live seven months; and unless something particularly bad happens to them they will reach the age of seven years, providing the seven months are safely got over. My grandmother, who brought up eleven children out of twelve, never would allow her babies to go out of her personal care until they were fourteen months old—till they had 'stiffened in their limbs,' as she said. It is an old belief in Derbyshire that if a child cries loudly at its birth, and lifts up an open hand, it is born to command; but if it 'clutches' with its thumb tucked in, it will be of a cringing, slavish disposition, and probably will be very unhealthy all its life."

IN the good and great man the noble enthusiasm of early life is mellowed and tempered by the reason and judgment of later years, and the result is invaluable. Both conditions are good, both natural, neither should be depreciated; they are the marks of the finest types of man—the one in his youth, the other in maturity.

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Humorous.

A married man, in words unkind
And with much emphasis, avers
His wife destroys his peace of mind
By giving him a piece of hers.

Master of arts—A male flirt.

A promising sign—"I. O. U."

A bad omen—To owe men money.

Fond of "put up jobs"—An architect.

A pair of nippers—Jack Frost and the gout.

The taking of anti-fat will not make the hair thin.

To be borrowed without giving security—Trouble.

The lamb and the lion may lie down together; but the lion will be the only one to get up.

Sibyl: When Steve proposed to me he acted like a fish out of water.

Tirpid: Why shouldn't he? He knew he was caught!

"Mamma," asked the little girl, peering in between two uncut leaves of the magazine, "how did they ever get the printing in there?"

The Missionary: Have you ever experienced religion?

The cannibal: I had a taste of it once. I ate the last missionary who was here.

Blobbs: What makes Dr. Fizzick so popular?

Slobbs: He always prescribes whisky and glycerine for a cold.

A country paper remarks that Ann Dante, the composer of so many popular but rather solemn pieces of music, is not a descendant of the poet bearing the same surname.

"Do you believe a married man lives longer than a single one?"

"Well, I don't know," replied Mr. Newed; "I lived longer before I was married than I have since."

"How are you getting on at school?" asked a parent of his somewhat indolent son.

"I got kept in again to-day."

"What about?"

"About two hours and a half."

Wife: What in the world do you want with a trombone. You know that the man next door has driven us nearly wild by his performance on that awful instrument.

Hubby: Calm yourself, my dear. That's the one I've bought.

A negro who wanted his hair cut was refused a chair in a New Orleans barber's shop, whereupon he threatened to bring an action under the Civil Rights Bill.

"All right," said the barber, "go on with your suit; we advertise to cut hair, not wool."

A little girl of four years old who was staying with an aunt of hers was made to eat something for her dinner which she particularly disliked; and, on being told to return thanks, the child solemnly put her little hands together, and said, "Thank God, it's over!"

Youth (with incipient beard): I want a bottle of lacs lotion.

Druggist: Do you want something to use after shaving?

Youth (confidentially): No! You see I'm raising a beard, and I want the face lotion for my fiancee.

A little six-year-old boy went into the country on a visit. About the first thing he had was a bowl of bread and milk. He tasted it, and then hesitated a moment, when his mother asked him if he didn't like it, to which he replied, smacking his lips, "Yes, mamma; I was only wishing our milkman would keep a cow."

"Those people," said the pastor, solemnly, after giving out his text, "who are either too poor or too stingy to afford fly-screens at home are perfectly welcome to sleep in this church every Sunday morning." And then he went on with his sermon, but he preached to the wide awakest congregation a good man ever looked down upon.

A soldier of a cavalry regiment was brought up for stealing his comrade's liquor-ration. He was an Irishman, and his defence was unique.

"I'd be sorry indade, surr, to be called a thief. I put the liquor in the same bottle, and mine was at the bottom, and shure I was obliged to drink his to get at my own!"

Farmer Hayrix: My boy wants me to send him to college, but I don't believe the results is worth the money, do you?

Farmer Konechook: Yaas. My cousin Jake's boy, he went to college and growed sich a head of hair and sich a lot of muscle that he's makin' $250 a week as the 'Wild Giant of Madagascar,' an' only has to show twice a day.

Everything in Nature indulges in amusement of some kind. The lightnings play, the winds whistle, the thunders roll, the snow flies, the rills and cascades sing and dance, the waves leap, the fields smile, the vines creep and run, and the buds shoot. But some of them have their seasons of melancholy. The tempests moan, the zephyrs sigh, the brooks murmur, and the mountains look blue.

THE GREATEST SEMINARY.—The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life.

There are only a few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection; its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory; but the simple lessons of home, enamelled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more natural but less vivid pictures of after days.

So deep, so lasting indeed, are the impressions of early life that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste.

You have perchance seen an old and half-obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored, you may have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view.

This portrait, first drawn upon the canvas, is no inapt illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay. Such is the fireside—the great institution furnished by Providence for the education of man.

ENVY.—Much of the hateful passion envy is due to the air of superiority, or glory, or triumph with which certain fortunate people carry themselves. They imagine most erroneously that they are really of far more importance than those less favored, and sometimes by a haughty arrogance, sometimes by a supercilious patronage, they convey this impression strongly in their intercourse. Bacon says, "Those are most subject to envy who carry the greatness of their fortunes in an insolent and proud manner, being never well but when they are showing how great they are, either by outward pomp or by triumphing over all opposition or competition; whereas wise men will rather do sacrifice to envy in suffering themselves, sometimes of purpose, to be crossed and overborne in things that do not much concern them."

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No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold a Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 6.30, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.30 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.00, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.35, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.25, 4.25, 6.33, 9.45 p m. (9.00 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.00, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.30 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves. Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

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